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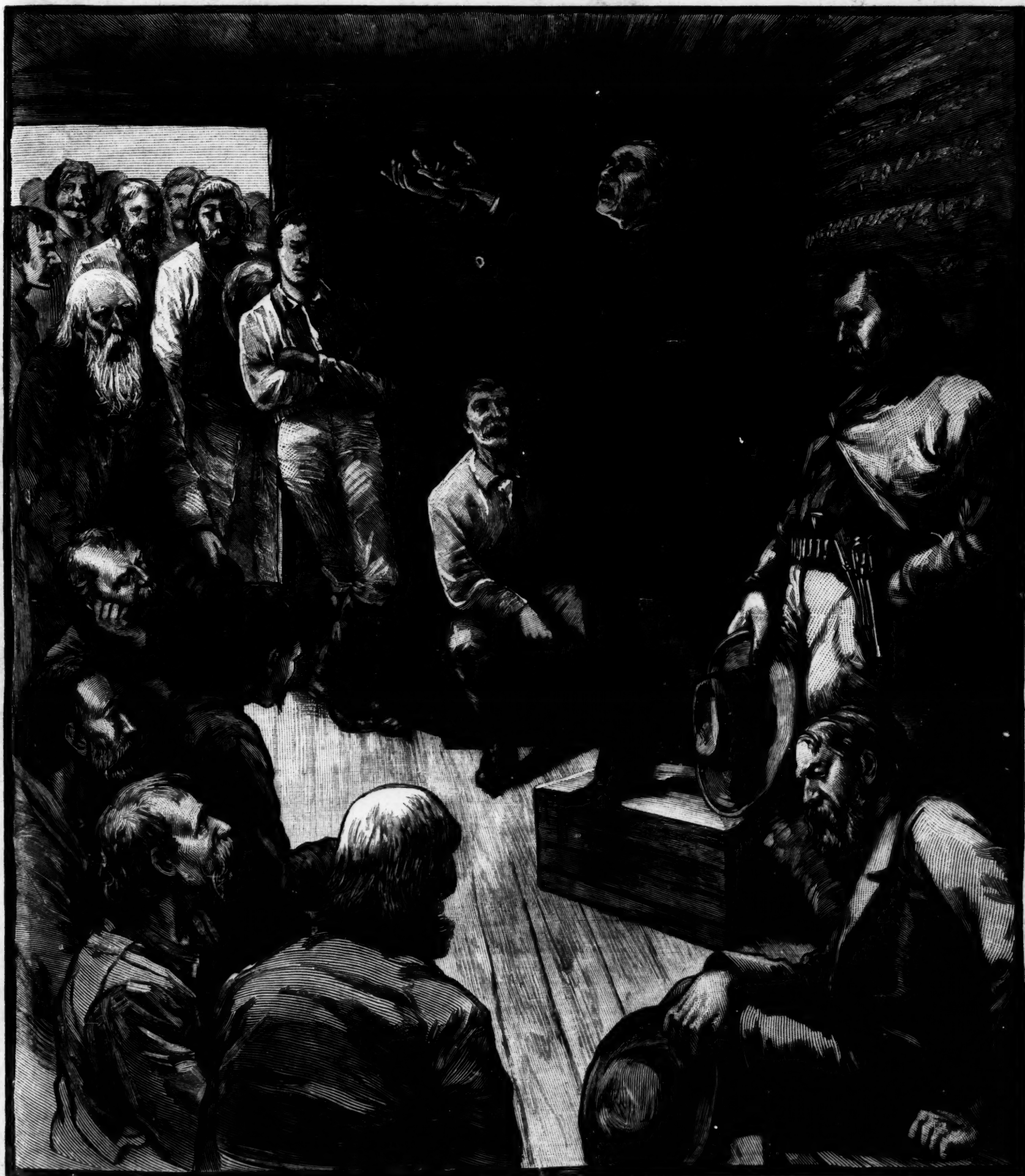
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE CHINESE TROUBLES IN WYOMING—SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE IN A MINING CAMP.
SEE PAGE 108.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 3, 1885.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM ON TRIAL.

IT is manifest to all that Civil Service Reform is undergoing its severest test. The party now in power is, as a political organization, unfriendly to the existing Civil Service system. It stands in the way of their enjoyment of the full fruitage of a great political triumph. But while this unfriendliness exists on the part of a majority of the Democratic Party, there is a large and influential element that earnestly sustains President Cleveland in his difficult task of maintaining the integrity of the present system of reforming the public service.

One source of embarrassment to the President has been the unpopularity of the present Board of Civil Service Commissioners. This embarrassment is about to be removed by the reorganization of the Board through the appointment of three new Commissioners of exceptional practical qualifications for the discharge of such important functions. It is said that the President prefers men as Commissioners who have had actual executive experience in an administrative office. It is obvious that no one can comprehend the demands of the public service so well as an officer who has long been held responsible for the acts of his subordinates in a great public department. A man so experienced knows how many elements besides book-knowledge go to make up the perfect expert inspector or clerk. He knows that some men are born with an aptitude for the civil or military service. And he has become painfully aware by experience that some have acquired habits or manners that unfit them to fill any station where sobriety and civility are imperatively required. One great weakness of the present Board is that not one of its members has had executive experience or official training of any kind. Hence its errors, committed in the various departures from the letter of the Civil Service Law, in its code of Rules and Regulations, which officers accustomed to interpreting the Law would not have committed. An age-restriction, for example, which excludes for ever from holding a minor office millions of experienced American citizens, is arbitrarily inserted in the Rules, for which there is no authority in the Law. There is the limitation of the appointing power to a choice from four names, in the Rules, which the Law does not sanction. Not to name other examples of the assumption of non-delegated authority, it is, from these illustrations, reasonably safe to say that the cause of true Civil Service Reform will be advanced by the contemplated change in the Chief Commissioners, to be followed by certain needed changes in the Rules. These Rules need simplification. The lack of definiteness is shown by the controversy over the point whether the chief weigher in the New York Custom House must or need not pass a competitive examination. If Weigher Bacon, recently removed, was the "head of a department or office," or one of the "chiefs of divisions or bureaus," his successor, Sterling, could be appointed without having passed a Civil Service examination. This ambiguous rule is now so interpreted by the Civil Service Board as to render an examination in Sterling's case necessary. The President having ordered the new weigher's suspension until this interpretation is settled, it is to be presumed that his moral fitness will be inquired into before he is allowed to resume official duties. Under a proper Civil Service system another investigation should precede this, that might settle the question whether there was sufficient ground or reason for Weigher Bacon's removal from office. A system which gives no security or permanency of tenure to good men has in it a radical defect. The whole reform movement was originally promoted to prevent changes in subordinate officers of the Government upon every change of Administration. This the existing system, as at present administered, has not secured. If the fault is in the administration of it, let that be changed. If the fault is in the system, let the system be changed. If the best officers and most valuable experts can be removed upon the mere whim or caprice of any new head of a department, there can be but slight permanent improvement in the civil branch of the public service. The military and naval services have not been improved in that way. Good men must be kept in, as well as put in.

It is a hopeful circumstance that the President fully appreciates the necessities of the case as it stands, and is unalterably loyal to the principle of Civil Service Reform. On that point his letter to Mr. Dorman B. Eaton, published last week, is conclusive. "Of course," he says, "there should be no surrender of principle nor backward step." And then he adds:

"A reasonable toleration for old prejudices, a graceful recognition of every aid, a sensible utilization of every instrumentality that promises assistance, and a constant effort to demonstrate the advantages of the new order of things, are the means by which this reform movement will in the future be further advanced, the opposition of incorrigible spoilsmen rendered ineffectual, and the cause placed upon a sure foundation."

THE NEW YORK CAMPAIGN.

THE Republicans of New York last week surprised themselves and the people of the State by nomi-

nating a thoroughly unexceptionable ticket for State officers. Mr. Ira Davenport, the nominee for Governor, is in every sense a representative of the best element of his party. A man of high ability, of stainless personal character, and of large experience in public affairs, his nomination appeals powerfully and distinctly to that class of voters who desire to see our politics cleansed and elevated, and all public trusts administered upon upright business principles. As State Senator and as Comptroller, Mr. Davenport was dominated at all times by a conscientious regard for the public interests, and in the latter office, especially, introduced methods of administrative reform which showed that he entertains the loftiest conception of official duty and responsibility. While positive in his political convictions, he has no factional entanglements, and is wholly unencumbered by partisan pledges, and this fact will give him a peculiar strength in the coming contest. Already most of the conspicuous bolting Republicans of last year have declared in his favor, and the probability is that he will receive the hearty support of a reunited party. As to the other nominees on the Republican ticket, it is enough to say that they are in all respects worthy of the high honor conferred upon them by the Saratoga Convention.

The nomination of Governor David B. Hill as the Democratic candidate, while not unexpected, is none the less regretted by the honest friends of reform throughout the State. As the successor of Grover Cleveland in the Executive Office, he has admittedly fallen far below the enlightened and elevated standard established by that official, and his nomination is undoubtedly due to that element of the Democracy which abhors the patriotic policy of the President as to the Civil Service and some other questions of public concern. Certainly Mr. Hill would never have been thought of in connection with the Governorship of this Imperial State but for the accident by which he succeeded to it in February last, and the combinations which he has been able, as incumbent of the office, to effect with controlling party influences. Mr. Flower, the nominee for Lieutenant-governor, is in capacity the equal of his Republican competitor, and he will strengthen the ticket of which he is a member. The other Democratic candidates are respectable in point of personal character and capability, and fairly represent the influences which controlled the Convention. The nomination of Mr. Chapin for re-election as Comptroller, and that of Mr. O'Brien for another term as Attorney-general, are especially commendable.

It is too early, of course, to predict the probable outcome of the contest in which these rival tickets are to be weighed and measured by the people. The only thing which now seems to be certain is, that purely partisan influences will have less weight than formerly in determining the action of individual voters; and if the issue shall be decided upon the actual merits of the candidates by supreme reference to considerations of character and fitness, the result, whatever it may be, cannot but be satisfactory to all good citizens.

CHURCH DISESTABLISHMENT IN ENGLAND.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN is striking out a very bold line for himself in the General Election campaign which has now fairly opened in England. In a recent speech at Glasgow, he unfolded what appears to be his whole programme, and a very sensational programme it is. It advocates the separation of Church and State, the restoration of land, under certain restrictions, to laborers, free education, and a system of local government.

This is the first time an English statesman has had the courage to insert in his platform the disestablishment of the National Church. Even when Mr. Gladstone disestablished the Protestant Church in Ireland in 1869, portentous though that measure seemed, it never entered into anybody's head that a day was near when a like revolution in England would come within the range of practical politics. The Established Church in England has for centuries been regarded as one of the vital elements of the Constitution; and though nowadays that notion has become obsolete, yet—so slow are the English to part with a cherished idea—politicians have avoided the subject as if it were sacred. It was different with Ireland, they reasoned, for there four-fifths of the population were not members of the established religion; but in England the body of the people belong to the Church of which the Sovereign is head, and which the Constitution has wedded to the State.

That Mr. Chamberlain should bring forward, on his own responsibility, at the present time, a question from which Mr. Gladstone has shrunk, though now he recognizes its imminence, is a further proof that Mr. Chamberlain is aiming at the ultimate leadership of the new Liberal Party. There is no doubt but Church Disestablishment is a most attractive item to hold before the masses who support the Radical Party, and that Mr. Chamberlain has well calculated its "drawing powers" before bringing it forward. While it will be sure to alienate the Liberals of the older Whig school, a majority of the candidates now seeking election will be ready to support it. And such a discrimination in the Liberal Party is exactly in the line of Mr. Chamberlain's ambition, for the radicalized majority of it would find him a more congenial leader than Mr. Gladstone.

But, as we have already hinted, the ambitious schemes of this young statesman are likely to be, temporarily at least, defeated by the reappearance in the field of the

veteran leader whom his colleagues have fondly dubbed the Grand Old Man. As is shown by his recent manifesto, it is settled that Mr. Gladstone will enter the fray; and the Liberals will now be too anxious for unity to give Mr. Chamberlain the opportunity he covets. So long, indeed, as Mr. Gladstone chooses to lead, he will remain the leader of the liberal thought and the Liberal Party of England.

THE RAILROAD SITUATION.

THE meeting of the trunk line railroad presidents in this city on the 22d inst., which was held with the view of advancing the freight rates on west-bound merchandise to a profitable basis, while not immediately productive of any improvement in the direction indicated, may yet lead to a better understanding among the great roads acting as carriers between the principal markets of the West and the Atlantic seaboard. There is a saying that "When things get to their worst then they improve." Perhaps this will prove true of the present situation in railroad affairs; certainly in some respects they could scarcely be in a more demoralized condition. Still, the affairs of the railroads running east from Chicago are in a more promising condition than those of trunk lines running from the great lake port to the Northwest. It is true that no pooling agreement with penalties to guarantee its observance has been entered into by the east-bound roads, but it nevertheless seems highly probable that something will be done to secure more uniform and profitable rates to these roads as soon as the disputes over the South Pennsylvania, the Reading and the Nickel-plate are adjusted. The question of allowing the South Pennsylvania to be absorbed by the Pennsylvania Railroad has entered into the politics of that State, and its settlement will therefore probably be deferred until after the election.

In the Northwest there is every prospect of a prolonged and expensive conflict between the rival roads. The extension of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad to St. Paul, paralleling the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, at an average distance of only ten miles for 300 miles of the route between Chicago and St. Paul, has led the St. Paul Road to take retaliatory measures by paralleling the lines of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy to Omaha and Kansas City. And this railroad "war" seems certain to involve other lines traversing Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa, such as the Chicago and Northwestern, the Chicago and Rock Island, the Chicago and Alton, the Wisconsin Central, and the Wabash. These roads will fight till they are tired, and probably then some compromise will be reached, though in the meantime their finances may suffer very noticeably.

In these contests we see the inevitable effects of excessive railroad-building. We have overdone the matter in this direction, just as Great Britain has overdone the building of steamships. The pooling system seems to afford very little relief. In fact it is at best only a palliative for the evils from which the railroad world is suffering, and in some instances it is directly accountable for the construction of unnecessary railroads. It is a question worthy of consideration whether railroad pools should not be interdicted by law.

THE REVOLT IN ROUMELIA.

THE Treaty of Berlin, signed by the Great Powers, July 13th, 1878, created the State of "Eastern Roumelia," south of the Balkan Mountains, and with a coast on the Black Sea. The area of this province is about 13,500 square miles, and its population of 850,000 is almost equally divided between Mohammedans and Greek Christians. These latter are practically identical with the Bulgarians who live north of the Balkans. By the terms of the Treaty, Roumelia was to administer her own affairs under the rule of a Christian Governor-general, to be named by the Sultan, with the assent of the Powers. The Sultan retained the right to defend the land and sea frontiers of the province, and to erect forts and maintain garrisons. Internal order was preserved by native forces, the officers of which were named by the Sultan. The control of the province was in this way secured to the Sultan of Turkey.

By the same Treaty, Bulgaria, which lies between the Danube and the Balkans, and immediately north of Eastern Roumelia, was erected into an independent Principality, with a Prince, freely elected by the people and thereupon confirmed by the Sublime Porte, with the consent of the Powers. Bulgaria was to pay an annual tribute to the Porte, but was left, in all other respects, to govern herself. The people are nearly all Greek Christians, and number about 2,000,000, in a territory of 24,360 square miles.

Before the war which ended in the Treaty of Berlin, Turkey possessed in Europe 138,264 square miles. By the Treaty she ceded Bulgaria, Roumania, Servia, Eastern Roumelia, and also a new frontier to Greece; and Bosnia and Herzegovina were given up to Austria. Turkey now holds but 62,028 square miles in Europe. The Balkan range was held to be essential to the defense of Turkey, and the existence of Turkey indispensable to the security of Europe. It was for these reasons that the military control of the Roumelian frontiers was left in the hands of the Turkish Sultan; and Lord Beaconsfield looked upon this provision of the Treaty as a personal triumph over Russia. It is this very provision which has

furnished the opportunity for the revolution which has just occurred.

For nine months, nominally, after the ratification of the Treaty of Berlin, Russian troops were to be allowed to garrison both Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia. As a matter of fact, both regions have been filled with Russian agents ever since 1878; and the discontent of the Roumelians with their own inferior position, as contrasted with that of the Bulgarians, has been skillfully turned to account by the Russians, and the revolt for definitive union of Roumelia with Bulgaria is the consequence.

Turkey cannot tamely resign the frontier which protects Constantinople on the north; and yet she is without resource, unless the Powers go with her. There are but two that wish to support her. England will do much rather than see the Russians in Constantinople, and France has almost the same interests to protect. On the other hand, Russia is fixed in her determination to have the City of the Sultan; Austria has been working for a long time to reach and occupy Salonika, on the Aegean Sea; and Germany has backed Austria in everything the latter has aimed at since the war of 1866. Italy, rapidly growing into a formidable Power, has every motive to throw her weight into the scale with that of the three Empires; and the Powers would stand, in a contest over the spoils of Turkey, four to two.

The revolt in Eastern Roumelia means what every movement in Southeastern Europe has meant for a long time past. The Ottoman Empire is breaking up; and the question among the Powers is, What is to be the share of each in the ruin that cannot be averted? The meeting of the Russian and Austrian Emperors at Kremsier was not an affair of sentiment. The time was ripe. It was not necessary for Bismarck to be present; Austria, Germany and Russia knew what they wanted, and knew, also, the best and easiest way to secure it; and the word was given for the movement to be made where Russian intrigue had been at work for years.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL SEASON.

ANOTHER Summer season has come to a close, and maids and matrons are studying the retrospect and counting up the successes or failures which the passing months have evolved. On the whole, it has been a poor season, matrimonially and flirtatiously speaking. Game has been scarce, and what little there was to be found has involved long and patient quest, and has proved to be indifferent in quality when finally brought down. The handsomest of war-paint has been donned, the choicest arrows used; but the results have not justified the expense and trouble which the campaign involved. Not more than half a dozen scattering engagements were reported from the leading watering-places, and a dozen weddings of importance are all that the Autumn will supply. Hence these tears, these mournings, these complainings that men nowadays have given up Society and abandoned it entirely to little boys.

But are not the matrons and maids themselves largely to blame for the condition of things which they lament so bitterly? Do they ever stop to reflect that the average man of sense is not likely to visit more than once a watering-place where each and every woman seems bent upon inducing him to expend every dime at his command for her selfish pleasure? Is he likely—should he wish to marry—to choose a wife from a circle of fair ones whose entire horizon seems bounded by the morning concert and the evening german, and whose idea of the hours of the day is simply, to all appearances, that they mark the time for changing one expensive gown for another? Time was when the Summer season at Newport, Saratoga, and elsewhere, was prolific in engagements, and many happy marriages followed the Summer's pleasure-making. Men and women mated in those days for other than mercenary considerations—the size of the bank account on the one hand, and the glitter of "great expectations" on the other, were not the dominating factors in the minds of the contracting parties. Now we have changed all that, and, as a result, marriages are seldom arranged amid the gayeties of the Summer months. Those members of the masculine sex who still frequent the watering-places do so for other than matrimonial reasons. The better and more solid of their class spend the season of vacation and outing on their yachts, in canoes, or camping for hunting and fishing purposes in the wild wood—wholly forgetful of Hymen and his prizes; and our complaining maids and mothers must recognize the fact as it is. The hunting-grounds of old are not what they were; the game has fled, and must be sought elsewhere, and secured, if at all, with different ammunition from that now employed.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

WE have elsewhere discussed the situation of affairs in Roumelia. The latest dispatches indicate a growing war-feeling in Russia, while Serbia and Greece are both preparing for a possible conflict. The Turkish Ministry has been reorganized, and the Sultan insists that the Powers shall come to his help in putting down the revolt. The proposition for a conference has received the assent of Austria and England.

There are no new developments in connection with the Caroline Islands dispute, beyond the fact that the Pope will probably act as arbitrator in the event that outside mediation shall be necessary. The Spanish apology for the recent insult to the German Embassy at Madrid has been accepted by Prince Bismarck. There is a statement that an agreement has been effected, by which Spain

retains the Carolines and the Mariana and Palao Islands, while Germany acquires the Marshall and Gilbert groups, but this lacks confirmation.

Boycotting is reported to be on the increase throughout the South of Ireland, where some instances of downright intimidation and assault are mentioned. The strife is said to be carried within the walls of the church itself, where the entrance of a boycotted individual on Sunday is made the signal for the congregation to rise en masse and quit the place. The system is carried on in the County Cork more generally than ever before; and, emphasized as it is through the local associations, is beginning to alarm Parliamentary leaders.

The English papers naturally have a great deal to say about yachting. Most of them seem inclined to take the *Genesta's* defeat with as good grace as possible, consoling themselves with her Commodore's Cup capture and her victory over the *Davoutless*. They "give in" to the fact that the *Puritan* fairly beat Sir Richard Sutton's cutter in the latter's own weather, but are confident that no other American yacht could have done it. Although there is no immediate probability that English yacht-building will be revolutionized, the *Morning Post* admits that "English builders may profit by a study of the lines of the now famous Boston sloop."

It was thought that the horrors of the cholera plague were practically over, for the present season at least. Reports from Palermo, however, during the past week, bring intelligence of a panic there, caused by an unprecedented advance of the disease. In three days the mortality rose from 3 to 185, and there have been as high as 200 deaths in twenty-four hours. Half the population has fled the city, and their arrival in the interior has incited the villagers to riot. In several places the people have torn up the railways to prevent the Palermo fugitives from coming. In Spain, during the past week, from 200 to 250 deaths, and about three times that number of new cases of cholera, have been reported daily.

King Alfonso of Spain has been seriously ill.—Lord Wolseley has been gazetted a viscount.—The French clerical newspapers here declare that fully 24,000 Christians were murdered in the recent outbreaks in Anam.

SOLDIERS guilty of desertion during the Civil War, who afterwards voluntarily returned to the army, and finally were honorably discharged at its close, were not considered as being entitled to arrears of pay or bounty. A recent decision of Second Comptroller Maynard changes all this, and such soldiers will hereafter be considered as having a valid claim to such compensations as if they had never deserted.

THE decision of Judge Wallace that everybody may play the "Mikado," without paying Gilbert and Sullivan anything, only serves to emphasize the prevailing need of an international copyright law. It is as much stealing to take the product of the dramatist's brains as it would be to take the contents of Mr. Duff's pocket-book. All men acknowledge the perpetration of a glaring outrage. Will another Congress adjourn without doing this act of conspicuous justice?

THE vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Eaton as head of the Civil Service Commission might easily be filled by notifying all Americans that they are eligible to the position, and then instituting a competitive examination to which all comers should be subject, with the understanding that the one who passes most triumphantly should be appointed to Mr. Eaton's place. Yet nobody else seems to have thought of this most natural solution of the question.

CAREFUL investigation and estimates show a production this year of 1,990,000,000 bushels of corn in the United States and Territories, a gain of eleven per cent. in quantity over 1884. Of this yield, 280,000,000 bushels will come from Illinois, 265,000,000 bushels from Iowa, 210,000,000 bushels from Missouri, and some 356,000,000 bushels from twelve Southern States. The area of the corn crop is 73,860,000 acres, as against 69,683,780 acres last year—the gain being almost entirely in the Western States.

THE American use of the word "store," for a place where goods are sold, is generally deemed far preferable to "shop" for the same place; for "shop" means, more properly, a factory. But when Colonel Knox tells us that "the Chinese set store by" certain sorts of tea, and Professor White, late President of Cornell, speaks of somebody who "sets store on" certain theological fancies, we feel bound to call a halt, and insist that the good noun "store" is being overworked. It is a clumsy and colloquial form of speech, quite without sense when set in type.

SEVERAL of those nomadic philosophers who are somewhat inappropriately called "tramps," inasmuch as they occupy themselves chiefly in sleeping on park benches or stealing rides on freight trains, recently brought up in the county jail at West Chester, Pa. They were set to work upon a water reservoir, which they regarded as a monstrous indignity, as they were no consumers of that fluid. Rations and release being made contingent upon the humiliating toil, however, they yielded, and actually did a day's work. The Quaker solution of the tramp problem is to be commended.

AMERICANS as a race are probably more inventive than any other people in the world. They are, indeed, so prolific in expedients, that what is not apprehended by their acute intellects is not worth knowing. Probably the ratio of elopements to our population is larger than that of Hungary; but in that country there is an insurance company which pays married men from 100 to 500 florins in the event of the elopement of their wives. No such company exists in the United States, which it must be confessed is rather hard upon husbands whose wives feel inclined to imitate Dido of old.

NEW ENGLAND, which has been rather conservative and slow in the matter of railway travel, as in other directions, is now following the lead of the more enterprising and hurrying West. Rapid transit is becoming popular. The other day the "Flying Dédé," an express on the Old Colony Road in Massachusetts, got over sixty-one miles in the same number of minutes' actual running time; and on the Maine Central Railroad, during his return from Bar Harbor, William H. Vanderbilt was rushed through the Pine Tree State at the same rate of speed—being the fastest run ever made in Maine.

It looks very much as if the investigation of the charges preferred against George H. Sterling, the suspended Custom House weigher at this port, would turn out to be largely an investigation of the conduct of Collector Hedden in dismissing Mr. Bacon, a competent official, and appointing so unfit a man as Sterling in his place. There is a growing conviction that the new Collector is an obstruction to the reform policy to which the President is committed, and that it will be necessary to remove him if the adminis-

tration of the Customs office is to be kept free from old-style partisan methods. When we read that Custom House officials last week absented themselves from their public duties, to take part in the "offensive partisan" work of a distinctly partisan Convention, we may well inquire whether the promises made at the time of Mr. Hedden's appointment to the Collectorship were made merely to be broken?

THIS is about the only nation on earth which can practically enforce a systematic tariff for the protection of industry. Since the breaking-down of the corn laws, England has not dared to attempt to tax her incoming food, and there is little else, except, perhaps cotton and petroleum, on which she could put a heavy impost without excluding it altogether. Germany and France, during the past year, have erected some barriers against the competition of our food, but the laws are far from popular, and it is doubtful if they can be maintained. The only lands where protection can be lent to labor by a duty on imports are those which buy large quantities of manufactured goods, and such countries ought not to fail to avail themselves of the opportunity.

AFTER "shadowing" the place several weeks, the clever Cincinnati police recently covered themselves with an entirely new brand of glory by "pulling" a Jewish synagogue in mistake for a gambling hell. The raid was made while a service was being held, and at first the police were still sure that an attempt was being made to mislead them by some new game or trick; but their ludicrous mistake was finally discovered. They did not know a church service when they saw one. Railroad and steamboat companies and a variety of other corporations now apply a rigorous test for color-blindness to all employes. The grotesque blunder of the policemen of Porkopolis suggests that all members of the force should be subjected to an immediate examination for church and synagogue blindness.

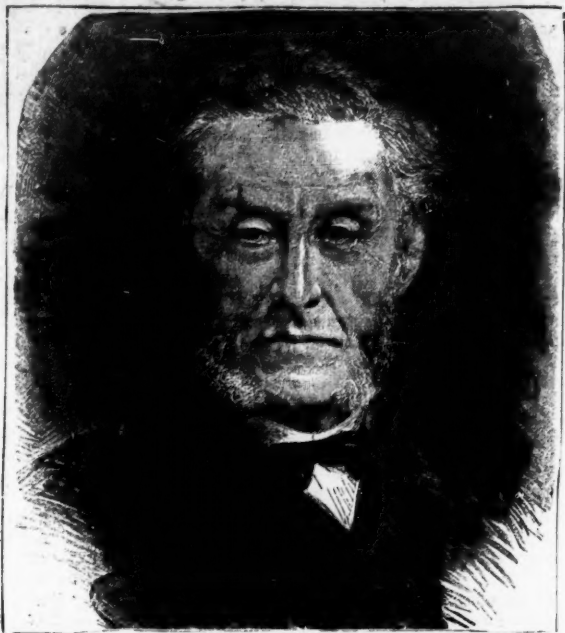
MORE than a year has passed since Ferdinand Ward ruined the Marine Bank and some scores of credulous victims. Is the gigantic criminal going to escape serious punishment? One man has been sent to State's Prison on account of that colossal robbery, but he is one who was mainly a dupe of Ward's, led by him to betray his trust. Ward will doubtless continue in jail for a while, as he is now, enjoying all the luxuries the world can yield; he may even be convicted and sentenced to stern punishment; but there is a spirit evinced in his trial which indicates that his suffering will be light at worst, and short at longest. Ought not the law to compel a prisoner to feed on the rations provided by the State, sleep on the bed provided by the State, and deny to him any other luxuries? What is prison but a mockery, if the convict may every day hold a hilarious levee to receive his friends, and live as well as if he were at the Hoffman house? Public sentiment demands that this millionaire robber shall be severely dealt with!

IS RESTORATION of life to the dead to crown the scientific achievements of this century? Several noted savants of Europe agree that life may be restored after actual death, in many cases, and they are now experimenting with a view to prove it. By combining artificial circulation with artificial respiration, a dog was restored to life an hour and five minutes after having been killed, when the heart was still and cold, and the limbs were becoming rigid. Poisoned frogs were restored to life after being nine days dead, and when putrefaction had begun. The effect of peroxide of hydrogen in starting the blood and restoring heat to a really dead body is startling, and a distinguished physicist affirms that "a drowned or suffocated man is not hopelessly dead so long as the bodily organs remain uninjured by violence or disease, and the blood remains sufficiently liquid to be set in motion artificially and supplied with a little oxygen to start the chemical movements of life." Now let the hopeful theorists give some results of their practice on human beings.

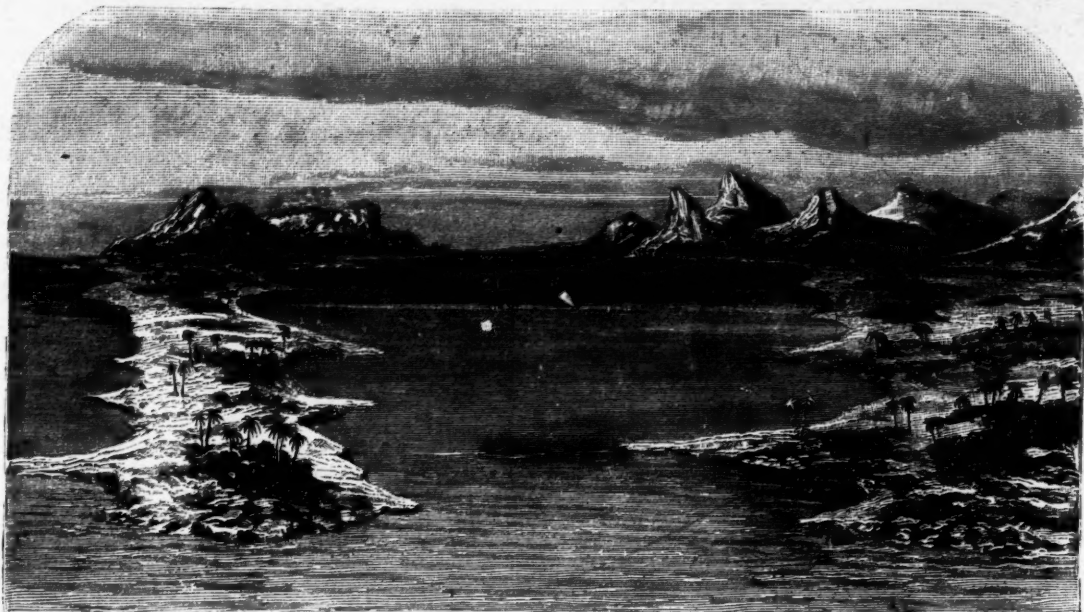
THE people of Canada, in addition to desiring an increase of trading facilities with this country, are almost as eager as ourselves to have the Extradition Laws so amended as to render it impossible for any grade of criminals to flee to that country as a safe retreat from the consequences of their action here. The Ashburton Treaty, now in force, only designates as extraditable offenses, murder, assault with intent to kill, piracy, arson, forgery, and the utterance of forged paper. In the recent correspondence between the Secretary of State and the British Government, it has been proposed to add to the above list, manslaughter, counterfeiting, embezzlement of public moneys by hired or salaried persons, larceny, perjury, criminal assault, abduction, child-stealing, kidnapping, burglary, criminal destruction of a vessel, and mutiny or revolt on shipboard. A convention of bankers was held last week at Chicago, at which a resolution was adopted urging upon the Government the necessity of hastening the negotiations looking to a new extradition treaty more comprehensive in its scope than that now in force. The action of the bankers should have great weight with the authorities, for while they unfortunately furnish the majority of those refugees, banking institutions are at the same time among the principal sufferers from the speculations which now largely go unpunished.

IT is the season of college hazes—the traditional strife of sophomore vs. freshman. The old custom appears to be vigorously maintained at Princeton College, where the theological tinge of the curriculum fails to exercise a subduing influence upon students in their second collegiate year, and even the junior and senior classes at times relapse into the friskiness of youth. The domain of Dr. McCosh has been much perturbed since the arrival of the Fall contingent of 132 freshmen. Staircases and familiar landmarks about the campus have been painted green, with the alleged object of conforming to the universal tone of verdancy imparted by the new arrivals. Freshmen have been prematurely put to bed, forced through fantastic ablutions, and intimidated into writing letters home to the effect that card-playing and dice-throwing follow chapel service in the ordinary daily routine of college life. A "rush" was precipitated just in advance of the President's regular annual discourse on the evils of hazing, when everybody is supposed to take a solemn pledge not to engage in that practice. Such doings have naturally shocked (?) the college graduates and young "varsity" men employed on the city newspapers, and they comment with becoming severity upon these "offenses against good manners, decency, and the laws of New Jersey." There is, however, a serious side to the matter, and some of the offenses committed have, in the opinion of the Princeton Faculty, justified the expulsion of a number of students. The advice which the latter would seem really to need, if they could be induced to listen to any at all, would be, Don't haze; but if you do, know when to leave off, and don't confound brutality with fun. Meanwhile, it might not be amiss to remind the freshmen, that as their class is the larger, they should be able to devise some means of self-protection.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 103.



GREAT BRITAIN.—THE LATE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.



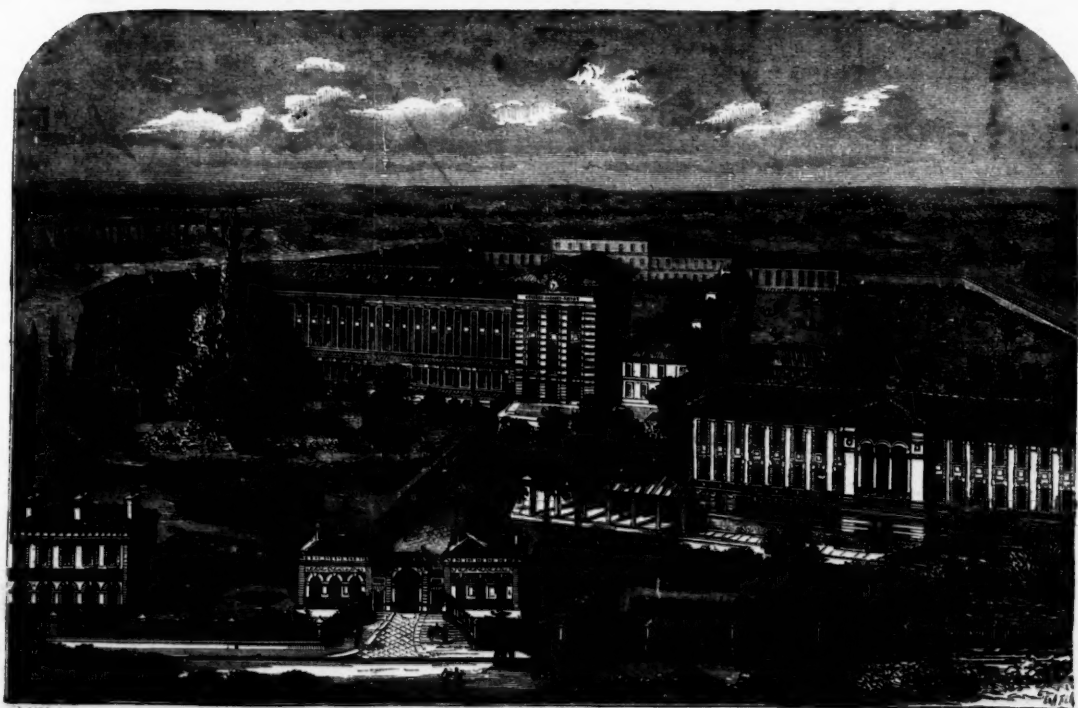
CAROLINE ISLANDS.—THE HARBOR OF UALAN.



NORWAY.—THE PRINCE OF WALES AND SUITE DESCENDING THE STALHEIMSKLEV.



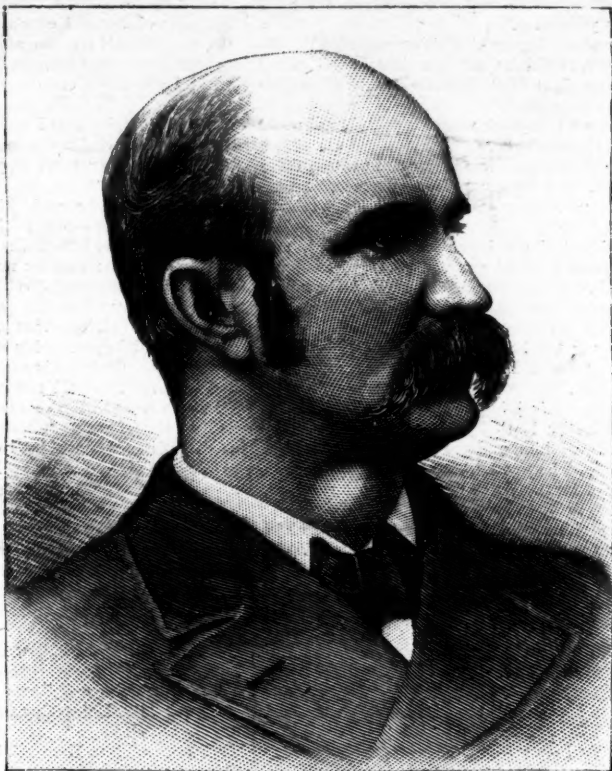
EGYPT.—PERFORMING ANIMALS IN THE STREETS OF CAIRO.



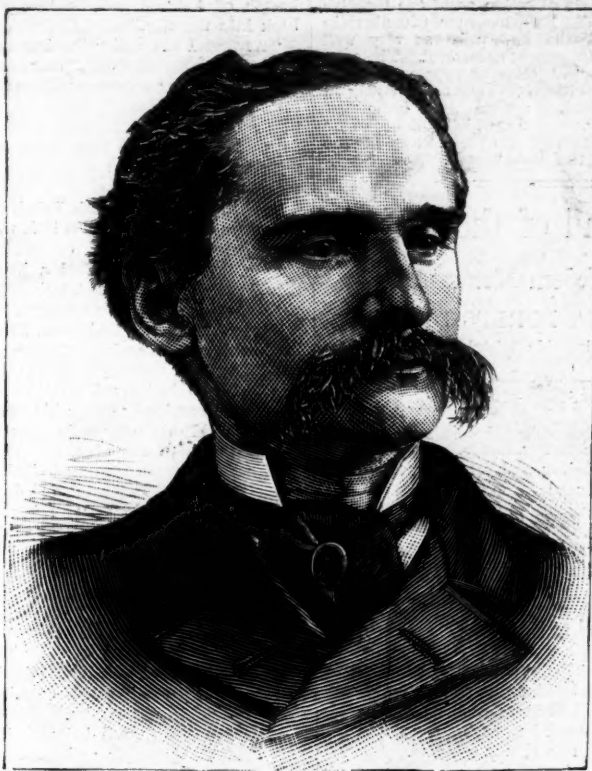
FRANCE.—ADDITIONS TO THE COLLEGE OF MELUN.



BULGARIA.—PRINCE ALEXANDER I.



HON. DAVID B. HILL, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE.
PHOTO. BY NOTMAN PHOTO. COMPANY.



HON. IRA DAVENPORT, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE.
PHOTO. BY NOTMAN PHOTO. COMPANY.

NEW YORK.—OPENING OF THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN—THE RIVAL CANDIDATES FOR GOVERNOR.—SEE PAGE 107.

MAINE'S SWEDISH COLONY.

A NOVEL and entertaining feature of the Maine State Fair, held at Lewiston, September 21st-25th, was the exhibit made by the Swedish Colony of the Pine Tree State, located in Aroostook County. The Fair itself was by far the largest and most successful since the organization of the Society, and the agricultural products and examples of the domestic industries of the Scandinavian settlement occupied a prominent space in the main building. The grains and vegetables amply illustrated the fruitfulness of the soil which a few short years ago formed part of the vast forest which still covers a part of the State larger than the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Illustrative of the primitive arts and industries of the sturdy descendants of the Vikings, was displayed an assortment of home-made cloth, cloth made

for blanket use from cow-hair (*ko-hor tyg*), wooden shoes, bear-traps, bronze coffee-pots, wooden tableware, saddle-bags of wickerwork, ox-yokes (*ox-ok*), moccasins, gloves and leggings of reindeer-skin; straw beehives (*bi-kupatyaskor*), snow-shoes (*snö-skider*) ten feet in length, and a variety of similar articles, none of them possessing much aesthetic grace or beauty, but admirably adapted for the severest practical service.

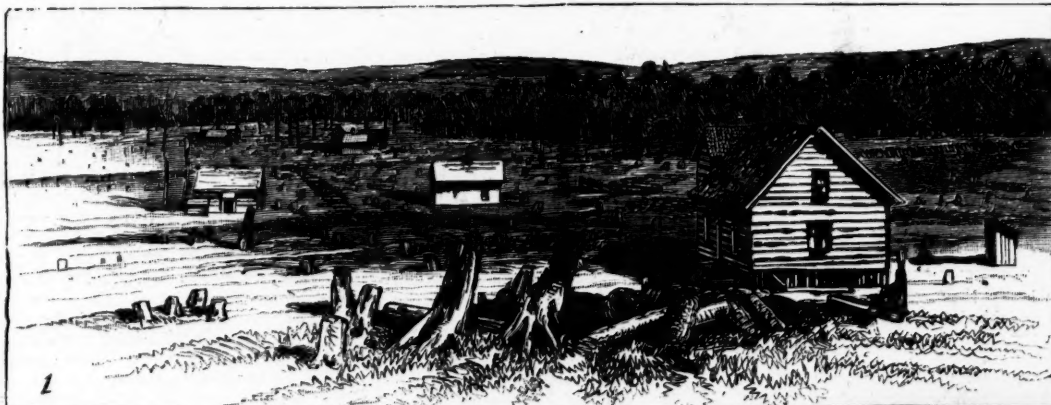
"A unique chapter in the history of Maine" was the apt phrase by which the Hon. W. W. Thomas, Jr., ex-Minister to Sweden, characterized this Swedish Colony in an address at the decennial of its founding, held at New Sweden in 1880; and the colonists greeted Governor Chamberlain on that occasion with "*Lefve Koloniens Grundläggaren!*" ("Long live the founder of the colony"). It was during the notably progressive administration of Governor Joshua L. Chamberlain—hero of

Little Round Top at Gettysburg, and now President of Bowdoin College—that in response to his earnest recommendation the Legislature took action to secure Swedish immigrants to offset the depopulation of the State by emigration of its native-born citizens. Mr. Thomas was sent to Sweden in 1870, and in a short time returned with a colony of fifty-one souls, who were enthusiastically welcomed to *det ullofödde landet* (the promised land). The State gave each settler—all having paid their own way from Sweden—100 acres of land, and afforded such other assistance as was necessary at the start. In 1880 the colony of 51 had expanded to 787 souls, and at the present time numbers about 1,000 men, women and children. They have 20,000 acres of land under careful and paying cultivation.

The Town Hall, or "Capitol," as they call it, of New Sweden, serves as a church, schoolhouse,

Castle Garden, and general place of meeting. In religion the colonists are about equally divided between the Lutherans and Baptists. They have five schools and an excellent system of practical education. The original settlers still retain their native costumes and customs, but the new generation is becoming thoroughly Americanized. The farmers particularly pride themselves on their fine horses and comfortable turnouts for both Summer and Winter driving.

Mr. G. W. P. Gerrard, of Caribon, who was responsible for the excellent exhibit at the State Fair, said to the writer: "The Swedish Colony to-day is very prosperous. They are hardworking, industrious, frugal people, and are steadily improving their farms. They are an honorable class of men and women, and can be trusted implicitly. I do not believe there is another community of so many souls in America of whom so much can



1. The Settlement in 1870. 2. The Town Hall or "Capitol." 3. Sectional View of the Fair Exhibit.

MAINE.—NEW SWEDEN, THE SWEDISH COLONY IN AROOSTOOK COUNTY, AND ITS EXHIBIT AT THE STATE FAIR AT LEWISTON.
FROM PHOTOS. BY CURTIS & BOSS.

be truly said in this direction as of the Swedish Colony in Maine." Ex-Governor Chamberlain said: "I regard the enterprise as very well planned, well arranged and successful. The colonists are an excellent class of people, and will make the best of citizens. They are thriving in every way, and I look for a still more important development of the Colony, which will be, to no small degree, influential in the course of the future welfare of the State."

A Husband of the Period; Or, A Modern Mormon.

By REBECCA FORBES STURGIS,
Author of "A Miserable Mistake," "A Terrible Crime," "The Mormon Wife," "His Enemy's Daughter," "Adam Talmage's Wife," etc.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED).

THE waning Summer days glided by. Philip Gay was recovering slowly. His shattered arm was mending, and, after a run of fever, consciousness returned. The operation had been a success. His brilliant mind had not suffered any ill effects, and, before he was able to leave his room, his rare conversational powers, his strong personal magnetism, had won as friends every member of the house.

Dr. Arbuthnot had been reluctant to admit to himself that he was interested in his patient, for he was sure Fletcher did not like him.

Still, could it not be possible that his boy was prejudiced?—some trifling thing in their school-days have made a bad impression on him? He could easily understand how such a boy would be a thorn in the flesh to slower scholars.

He was astonished at the varied character of his patient's information. He seemed to be as much at home on the doctor's favorite medical works as with his own law studies.

Commenting on it one day to Fletcher, he made that remark, and added:

"His knowledge of law is wonderful. He seems to know a parallel to every case mentioned."

"He can repeat Blackstone and Coke from beginning to end," was the sententious response. "I told you he was a remarkable man, father."

It had grown the custom for the family to sit in the convalescent's room in the evening, while some interesting book was read aloud and its merits discussed. Sometimes Muriel played and sang in the adjoining apartment; and once, when she was rendering a pathetic song, Philip's voice joined hers, until the cottage almost quivered with the rare melody.

Fletcher sat apart, moodily, his head leaning on his hand. Poor Fletcher! his long-looked-for holiday had not been a success. Day by day he saw that Muriel's interest in the stranger, who owed his life to her, became deeper, and he dare say nothing. Had he anything to say? No. He could not tell her of the girls who ran after Gay when they were at school, for surely it was not the student's fault that he was ever being sought? And, perhaps, jealousy made him magnify many things. Certainly Muriel—his Muriel—whom he had loved from childhood, could not be so easily won from him by a handsome face, a fascinating manner.

Their walks and rides were not so happy as formerly. She seemed to be anxious to return to the house; would rather sit on the veranda than on her favorite seat by the shore. She did not avoid Fletcher, but she talked to him of their patient, made him relate all the little school incidents he could remember, and seemed to rejoice that Gay had always won the prizes.

As the time drew nigh for Fletcher to go up to his office and resume his practice, he almost decided to put his fate to the test.

Then he determined to keep to the resolution, formed when his father lost the greater portion of his fortune: never seek to bind his father's ward until he was assured of a lucrative practice. No one should ever say he had sought to keep Muriel with them on account of her wealth. He could not say he would not try to win her, for that he had tried to do ever since he first looked upon her fair face smiling in his father's arms and had cried in his joy:

"We will never, never let Muriel go from us, papa. We could not live without her!"

"That is true, my boy," the old doctor responded. "Grow up worthy and keep her ever; that is the wish of my heart."

Still it was a hard wrench to Fletcher to say good-by, and leave her to the charmer; but such is life—the hard things to perform are always the most plentiful.

"I hate to say good-by," he said, when the time came at last that he could not possibly stay another day. "It is awful lonely up in town!"

"I don't doubt it," she responded, gayly. "We will be back there in a few weeks, Fletcher, for you know Guardie never will stay here when the gray days come."

"Then Heaven hasten the gray days!" he ejaculated, fervently, and she laughed aloud.

An instant later a cloud drifted over her face. What did going to town mean? It meant a separation from Philip Gay. Already he had commenced to apologize to the old doctor for not leaving his hospitable roof.

"I know I am intruding, doctor," he had said, "but do forgive me, and grant me a little longer stay. This is the first glimpse of a real home I ever had in all my life."

What could the physician say? He was sure his patient was an honorable man, and knew that his son loved his ward. He was present at every interview between his guest and Muriel; he detected nothing but the utmost courtesy, and so bade him make himself at home.

"It will only be for a short time longer," he added, frankly. "I never can endure the roar of the ocean when the Summer has flown. The first

breath of Autumn and we transplant ourselves back into the city."

"At first I was under the impression that you resided here permanently," Gay observed.

"Oh, no. For many years I never took any vacation; but, when age began to tell on me, I built this cottage, and we all come here for our holidays. My partner, a man much younger than myself, attends to the practice during my absence."

"When I am old and rich, I shall have just such a home as this, but I doubt if it will be such an Eden," Gay rejoined.

"Oh, yes; you will find a helpmeet before then," the doctor returned, smilingly. "An Eden without an Eve would be a failure."

Now that Fletcher had gone, Philip recovered his health swiftly, and spent most of his time in wandering back and forth on the beach with the fair girl who had saved his life—the girl who colored unconsciously under his gaze, who interpreted aright his passionate glance even when the old physician was nigh.

"I have a strange longing to look Severn Rock over," Philip said to Muriel, one day, as his stay was drawing to a close. "I think it will have a salutary effect on me to see the spot where death so nearly claimed me for its own."

A chill passed over her, as recollections of that horrible night came back apart.

"It was most terrible!—terrible!" she cried. "I shall never forget it! I have not been to Severn Rock since."

"Go with me," he said, pleadingly. "I want you to go with me just this once."

She could not refuse him. A strange silence fell between them as they rowed over. How fair and good and pure she was! he thought. One of nature's queens, and an heiress besides.

He did not know the extent of her fortune; perhaps at that moment he did not care. She was his latest fancy, for his blood was stirred by every lovely face, and the habit of making love came as natural as the breath he drew. He congratulated himself that he had not proposed to Rosa Van Horn, as he had been tempted to do just before that adventure on Severn Rock.

"How I should have hated myself," he continued, reflectively, while his eyes said unutterable things to his companion.

Poor, honest, manly Fletcher, with his true heart all on fire, could never put such an expression in his big brown eyes.

"Here we are at last," Philip Gay said, with a sigh. He rowed close to the shore, and Muriel sprang out and waited on the sand while he fastened the boat, for the tide was running high.

An instant later he stood beside her, and then, in silence, they wandered to the thicket that had been the scene of his accident.

A devout look swept over his face as he gazed downward on the very spot where she had so bravely sat beside him 'mid the storm to save his life: a tear dropped slowly down and glistened like a pearl on his cheek; then he raised his wonderful eyes, whose color seemed to change with every passing emotion, and fixed them on her face with an expression which a saint might have envied.

"You gave me back my life," he said, brokenly, impressively; "let me devote it to you! Oh, Muriel! my love! most brave of women! can you trust yourself to me?"

Her eyes dropped; the hot blood surged over her face, and a great joy with a great meekness stole over her.

She could utter no word. She felt too unworthy of such a gloriously handsome being, whose face shone with a light almost divine.

CHAPTER III.

BACK once more to *terra firma*, she almost flew to the cottage, her eyes radiant, her cheeks glowing.

"Guardie!" she cried, rushing to the old man, as she had always done from childhood, with every grief and every joy; "he has asked me to be his wife, and I have said I would be!"

The doctor dropped back in his chair.

"Oh, Muriel! and broken my boy's heart!"

"Guardie! Guardie!" she ejaculated in amazement, "your wits must be wandering! Fletcher loves to have me happy!"

"My poor child! my dear child!" continued the old man, drawing her closer to him, as he had done ever since her baby days—closer, as if to shield her from some impending danger: "are you sure—positively sure—that this stranger has won you from us, who have loved you all your life?"

"I am sure I love him," she responded, gravely, with a vivid blush; "but I still have heart enough to love my more than father, my more than brother!"

"Yes, more than brother!" the old doctor groaned. "Fletcher loves you, my child, with a love far beyond that which a brother bears for a sister. Could you but have seen him, as I saw him, the night of your peril!"

"I wish I dare choke the old idiot!" thought Philip Gay, as he entered the door and overheard his remark.

But his face was as the face of a Summer morning as he advanced to the physician.

"I hope, sir, you will pardon me for speaking to your ward first," he observed, in his most insinuating manner. "I did not intend; but—but you have been young yourself, sir."

"I have," the physician assented, gravely; "but in those days people would have considered it a breach of trust to have allowed things to have gone so far without giving any intimation to a young lady's guardian."

Philip colored under the reproof, but he wisely controlled his rising temper.

"Mr. Gay," the physician continued, as Muriel left the room, "you will pardon me for saying

that must make inquiries before I trust my ward to your care."

"I stand condemned," Philip responded; "but I trust, sir, it will be the last time I shall offend you. The sight of Severn Rock drove all consideration to the wind."

He drew a note-book from his pocket, and wrote down three addresses.

"To my guardian, to the judge in whose office I studied, and to my present partner," he explained. "Fletcher can tell you of my school-days."

"He has," the old gentleman returned, and then, arising, strolled away.

His mind was unsettled. How blind—how very blind he had been, where he was congratulating himself on his keenness of vision!

"My poor boy! my poor boy!" he groaned to himself. "I wish I had never brought that man to my house."

A strange misgiving came over him. He remembered how loath Fletcher had been to say aught against him, and yet he did not like him.

That night he wrote to the three gentlemen, as a matter of form. When responses were received, he at once wrote to his son.

"It would not do to go back to town, and be totally unprepared for what had occurred?" he argued to himself.

Poor foolish father! a lover's eyes were clearer than yours.

"And now, sir, have I your consent?" Philip inquired, presenting himself to the doctor. "Muriel informed me that you had heard from my friends."

"I have heard; the report is satisfactory. Sit down, Mr. Gay. I must now tell you all I know of Muriel's history—how she became my ward. Seventeen years ago, on just such a night as that on which you were brought home from the island, my doorbell rang. A man, wrapped up in a long rubber coat, a child in his arms, came into the room where I sat. When he threw aside his hat I recognized him. He was my old-time friend, the companion of my boyhood, Harold Vance. He was very much changed; he had aged—silver threads were visible in his hair, hard lines on his face. He walked over to my side and laid a smiling child in my arms."

"My Muriel, my little one," he said, brokenly. "Albert, I pray you keep her, be kind to her, love her as your own for my sake."

"Her mother?" I questioned.

"Is no more," was the response, broken by a pitiful sob.

"I asked him to sit down, but he shook his head."

"I cannot stop. In ten minutes the train leaves the depot. To-morrow morning I shall be on my way to China to join an exploring expedition. If I live, some time in the future I will write."

"He took the child from my arms, pressed her to his heart, kissed her repeatedly, and then drawing an envelope from his pocket, put it in her tiny hand, as he returned her to me. He opened the door and disappeared in the storm as abruptly as he came."

"Perhaps the child was illegitimate?" Philip suggested.

The old doctor arose and drew himself erect. "You do not know my friend," he said, haughtily.

"I beg your pardon," Philip cried, quickly. "That was a passing thought; and of what importance could it be? Muriel would be our Muriel still."

The tone of his voice so sweet, the expression of his eyes so fond, disarmed the old physician of all anger.

"My wife took the child to her heart. My boy"—his voice trembled, though he was exerting himself to be calm when he spoke his son's name—"was delighted. We called her ours, though I taught her to call me Guardie, that I might not rob her father of his dearer title when he should return."

He rested a moment, Gay wishing he would proceed, though he dared not show his impatience. He was anxious to learn the extent of his future bride's dowry.

"The following morning I opened the papers. There was a bank-book, and several stock certificates all made out to the name of Muriel Vance—Albert Arbuthnot, trustee. Her fortune amounted to over one hundred thousand dollars, and was to be used according to my discretion until she was of age or married."

Gay had heard all he cared for.

"I need scarcely add," the guardian continued, "that we did not touch her money. She was to us as our own. I met with reverses, and, during the last two years, she has used a thousand a year for pin-money out of her interest. Now," he added, "I have given you all the information necessary in regard to Muriel's antecedents. Of her mother I know absolutely nothing, but feel assured she was good and true. Her father was the last of a wealthy and aristocratic New England family. He must be dead; nothing else will explain his long silence."

A pause occurred. Then the old doctor arose, placed his hand on Gay's shoulder, and looking him keenly in the face, said, solemnly:

"Be good to my child."

"I will."

Was he true to his sacred trust? Let the future tell.

The days turned cold and gray only too soon; the trees took on their golden robes, and the doctor announced that he could remain no longer.

Oh! such days as they had been to Muriel—such golden days of hallowed love!

The day before they were to leave, a letter came:

"MY DEAR FATHER—Yours received. I anticipated the blow from the first. I am going South on business for a few months."

FLETCHER.

Over and over the old man read the short note—the shortest he had ever received from his son. He understood all the anguish of the proud, strong heart that refused to give forth a cry, but yet could not endure to look on the face of the lost.

He told Muriel that Fletcher had gone southward, but she did not connect his absence with herself. Fletcher must only have loved her as a brother.

Back to the town, and Philip Gay was forced to return to his law-office in the West. He urged a speedy marriage, but on that point the old doctor was firm. Some months must elapse before he would give his consent to Muriel taking the irrevocable step, and so they parted. Philip was indignant; he believed that the guardian had not given up all hope for his son, and would try to influence her during his absence. So little honor had he, that he could not credit it in others.

Letters from Philip came every day; and Muriel had no time for forgetfulness, if she had been so disposed. From time to time Fletcher wrote to his parent, business-like letters that bore no reference to Muriel.

Time moved on slowly, and one morning Muriel, as if suddenly waking from a dream, observed that her guardian was failing.

"Guardie," she cried, "are you sick? I never saw you look so miserable before!"

"I am not feeling well," was the response.

"I believe it is because Fletcher is not here," she rejoined. "I shall write to him to return immediately."

"Do not write now," was the rejoinder.

A week later Philip Gay walked into the house unannounced.

"I am going to Europe," he explained, as soon as he had greeted Muriel, "on business for a client. A relative of his has just died and left a large fortune; the largest share of it will come to him."

"To Europe!" Muriel ejaculated. "I am sorry you are going so far away, Philip."

"But not without you, my love," he returned. "You must go too."

At that instant Dr. Arbuthnot entered the room and greeted Philip warmly. Again Gay told his story, and also the request he had made to Muriel.

"It seems to me, sir, you ought to give your consent. Europe is a long way off; the separation will be harder to bear when an ocean rolls between us."

For a few moments the doctor made no response; then he broke the silence.

"I am ailing," he said to his ward; "ailing more seriously than you suspect. Do not leave me just yet. When Philip returns from Europe I will no longer say nay."

Muriel rushed to the old man and twined her arms around his neck.

"My dear Guardie, I will not leave you! Oh, Guardie, why did you not tell me you were so ill?"

Philip turned to the window, a dark frown figuring his handsome face.

"The old insensate will win her back for Fletcher," was his mental reflection. "I should not be sorry if he died. He will always want to be interfering between us."

After the physician left the room, he tried his best to induce her to go with him.

"You do not love me," he said, reproachfully. "You are giving me a divided heart."

"Philip!" Her eyes were full of tears. "Surely you would not wish me to be ungrateful to the man who has loved me all my life? Don't you know, if I could be false to him, I might be false to you?"

He determined not to show how deeply chagrined he was.

He had persuaded himself that she would go, that their marriage need not be longer deferred—and here he was to be disappointed; and he was not a man to submit gracefully to the derangement of his plans. Heretofore everything had always to bend to his will; this was a new and decidedly unpleasant experience, and to add to its unfortunate aspect, he dared not express himself as emphatically as he desired. A breach between him and Muriel would never be healed. Her guardian was wise enough for that, though the expression Philip used to himself was, "Crafty."

A week from the day that he arrived he left the town to return to New York, there to take the European steamer.

"When you return, Mr. Gay," Dr. Arbuthnot said, as he pressed the young man's hand, "I will give you your bride. Lend her to me for just a little longer."

Philip responded as pleasantly as he could under the circumstances.

During the week, Muriel, whose eyes had been opened as to the condition of her guardian's health, observed that he had failed very much. She determined to wait no longer. She would notify Fletcher immediately.

"DEAR FLETCHER," she wrote, "I cannot see why you stay away so long. We are very lonely without you, and dear Guardie misses you more than I can tell. Fletcher, I am not apt in telling bad news. You must come home immediately. Your father is ailing, and each day I can see him fail, though he is not willing to alarm you. I know, Fletcher, you would be angry with me if I kept it from you longer. Do hurry home. He still keeps about, but is very languid, has no appetite, and cannot attend to any of his patients. Come home."

MURIEL.

The letter was not what she had intended to write, but she did not try to change it; at least it told the story of his father's failing health plainly enough.

She felt as if she ought to have mentioned Philip's name, but as Fletcher had never written to her since her engagement, she felt delicate about speaking of it.

Her guardian's cry, "You have broken my boy's heart!" still rang in her ears, though she persuaded herself that he was wrong in so believing.

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Her epistle found Fletcher in due time. He read the contents eagerly.

"What a coward I have been," he cried, remorsefully, "to leave my father so long, because I could not face my own trouble!"

The following day found him en route for home. He was shocked at the change in his parent. He was even worse than he anticipated.

"Why did you not send for me?" he questioned. "I shall never forgive myself for remaining away so long!"

"You have nothing to reproach yourself with," his father returned. "You have never given me a moment's anxiety in your life. It is I who have spoilt your life."

"Father!"

"I mean what I say. Had I not indorsed for my friend, my boy would have been independent, and not have allowed honest pride to wreck his life. I speak plainly now, Fletcher, for after this I shall never mention it to you again. I have felt Muriel's engagement keenly. I have no confidence in her betrothed, although I know nothing to his detriment; and if in the future she needs a friend, don't let any scruples deter you from assisting her."

"She shall be as my sister always," he responded, gravely. "But, father, surely you do not consider your malady hopeless? You are not a very old man; there must be many years in store for you yet?"

His father smiled, but shook his head. He knew how fatal his own disease would prove.

"Now let us dismiss the subject," he said; and at that moment Muriel came into the room.

Their greeting was more constrained than ever before. Fletcher thanked her for sending for him, and then observed that he should remain home permanently.

The next few weeks glided away quickly. Muriel's time was occupied in getting ready her trousseau, for Philip's letters assured her his business should not detain him very long, and he would hold her to her promise when he returned. To Fletcher she could not speak of Philip, but she talked freely to her guardian, who assured her she must marry when he came back.

"But not unless you are better," she responded.

"I will not leave you while you are so feeble."

"But my honor is at stake," he replied. "We will let nothing disappoint Philip this time."

Two weeks later Dr. Arbutnot was found in his bed, dead. No need to dwell on the scene that followed. The doctor was laid away; and then Muriel wrote to her lover that now nothing stood between them; she longed to see him.

She went to a friend to remain until Philip should come to claim her, while Fletcher went about the settlement of his father's affairs. There were no debts to attend to, and the estate at the furthest was not worth more than thirty thousand dollars. He looked over the house that had been his home ever since he was born. He would not sell it. He would dispose of the furniture and rent it, and then go to the South or West to start life anew.

He shut himself up in his father's office to look over his instruments. He hated to part with them. As he opened the cases he almost believed he could hear his father's voice, as he heard it in his childish days, saying: "When you are a man you shall help me practice, and have these."

It had been the dearest wish of his father's heart that he should study, and succeed him; but Fletcher had no love for the art of a physician; from his earliest schooldays he was a lawyer. In every mock trial he was always a prominent character; and when he announced his desire to study law his parent made no objections. Nevertheless, it was no less a disappointment to him; Fletcher understood that now as he never did before.

"No, those things I cannot part with. They are priceless—almost a part of my father, he loved them so well," he muttered to himself. "I will lock them up and leave them to his partner's care."

Muriel was present at the dismantling of the house, and shed many bitter tears.

"What a happy, happy home we had, Fletcher!" she would cry. "Never was a man so good as your father! I should die if it was not for the thought that he is happy with our mother."

She had always called Mrs. Arbutnot mother.

When the house was let and the lessee had moved in, there was nothing left to detain Fletcher but the marriage of his father's ward; and though weeks had passed since Philip had written of his sorrow at hearing of the physician's demise, he came not.

Fletcher's brow darkened every time he thought of it.

"If he wished to come," he muttered to himself, for he would not give voice to his suspicions, "he could. If his business were not finished he could return again with his bride."

He would remain where he was until Philip came, to make over all the papers concerning Muriel's fortune. He had found a note addressed to him among his father's papers, requesting him, if he should die before Muriel's marriage, to try and get her consent to have a portion of her property settled exclusively on herself. When he mentioned the affair to her a bright spot appeared on each cheek; she was highly indignant.

"Why, Fletcher," she exclaimed, "I never was more astonished in my life! If it was any one else I would be angry beyond expression. If I could not trust Philip with my fortune, he certainly would not be a safe man for me to intrust with my future happiness."

"I do not wish to hurt your feelings, Muriel," he rejoined, "but if such a thing was not perfectly right you'd not believe our father would have counseled it?"

"It was because he had no confidence in Philip," she ejaculated, with a tremor in her voice very unusual to hear. "And you do not like

Philip at all," she continued, excitedly. "I am sure I cannot see why! For my sake you ought to like him better than any other friend."

During this outburst Fletcher turned from white to red, from red to white. How was he to defend himself from her charge, when she but spoke the literal truth? He had no confidence in, no love for, his rival.

"Are you not a little unjust, Muriel?" he queried. "Have I ever said aught against Philip? But surely you could not expect either my father or myself to be glad to have you taken from us?"

Finding that expostulations or entreaties were useless, he determined not to argue the matter with her any more, but wait until Philip's return, and then broach the subject to him. Of course he would be anxious for the larger part of the estate to be secured to her, beyond his control.

(To be continued.)

THE MINING TROUBLES IN WYOMING.

THE outrages upon the Chinese workmen in the coal mines at Rock Springs, in Wyoming Territory, are still under investigation, and it is understood that the evidence elicited will fully justify the Chinese Government in making a demand for reparation upon the United States. Meanwhile, under assurances of protection from the officers of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, which operates the mines, many of the Chinamen who fled in alarm after the massacre have returned and gone to work. The presence of six companies of Federal troops has so far prevented any hostile demonstration on the part of the whites, but there is great uneasiness among them, and the officers of the railroad company are constantly in receipt of letters threatening them with the vengeance of the Knights of Labor if they shall persist in their present course. It is not improbable that a general strike along the line of the Union Pacific may shortly occur. Some fears are felt, too, that an attempt may be made to carry out certain threats that portions of the road will be blown up by dynamite. The Knights of Labor are said to be all-powerful on all the companies' lines, and will stop every wheel if a strike takes place. The road just now is doing an immense business, and a stop of even a day must result in heavy loss.

The danger of the situation at the mines is aggravated by the fact that many of the white miners are men of wild and lawless character, capable of any desperate deed which a savage impulse may suggest. With them the pistol is the arbitrator of all disputes, and the restraints of law and morality are always secondary to the gratification of personal rancor. The orderly class among these miners are altogether powerless, except as supported by the military authority, and this fact largely accounts for the present situation in the Rock Springs district. Our illustration of Sunday morning service in the Wyoming mining region gives a vivid idea of the characteristics of the men who participated in the recent butchery of Chinamen.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

Anthony Ashley-Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, died in England on the 24th of September. The career of this venerable nobleman has placed his name amongst those of the great philanthropists of the century. He was born in London in 1801, educated at Christchurch, Oxford, and entered Parliament in 1827 as Member for Woodstock. He bore the title of Lord Ashley by courtesy until 1851, when he succeeded to his father's name and estate, and went into the House of Lords. His whole term of service in the two chambers was fifty-six years. He achieved distinction by his devotion to social, industrial and intellectual reform movements, and was comparatively indifferent to politics as such. He agitated for laws reducing the hours of labor to ten; improving workshops, factories and lodging-houses; relating to the care of children and affecting the sanitary and moral condition of the humbler classes. He had been President of the Ragged School Union from its formation in 1844 until his death, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and of the Victoria Institute, whose aim was to secure for science a better recognition from theology. He was a prominent member of all those religious societies which are founded on an "evangelical" basis, and an active advocate of the abolition of slavery throughout the world.

ULAN, ONE OF THE CAROLINE ISLANDS.

Ulan, or Strong's Island, one of the innumerable Carolines, has been frequently visited by European vessels. It is a little larger than the Island of Yap, being ten miles long by about seven wide. It has a mountain 2,156 feet high, and a natural harbor of peculiar formation, shown in our picture. Its human population consists of some four or five hundred savages. Ulan, which is a mere rock lightly covered with soil, may be regarded as a typical Micronesian island, of little value to any power, and certainly never cherished by Spain until Germany exhibited an interest in the archipelago.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN NORWAY.

The Prince of Wales has been enjoying a Norwegian jaunt, simultaneously with Mr. Gladstone, whom he visited on board the yacht *Sunbeam* at Molde, on August 28th. Just previous to this visit, the Prince traveled overland from Bergen to Gudvangen, on the Sogne Fjord, where the royal yacht *Osborne* awaited him. The drive between Vossevangen and Gudvangen is one of the finest in Norway, the road ascending for more than a thousand feet, almost to the top of a magnificent cliff, the Stalheimskleiv, whence it descends a precipitous slope in abrupt windings to Gudvangen. This road, which runs through the narrow Næroddal, has been cut and blasted out of the solid rock, and almost overhangs a terrible precipice, with a foaming torrent beneath. The road is a marvelous triumph of engineering, and the grandeur of the scene is enhanced by the waterfalls which dash down the mountains on either side. Our illustration shows the Prince and his suite coming down from the Stalheimskleiv.

A STREET ENTERTAINMENT IN CAIRO.

The motley populace of the Egyptian capital, living and often lounging all day in the narrow streets and courts, or in the wide Esbekiyeh, hail every diverting spectacle with childish delight. Performing goats and monkeys, as well as tame snakes, are brought to the city by ingenious Arab trainers from the Soudan, who earn frequent con-

tributions of small coin in return for the favorite exhibition, accompanied by a rude kind of music. Jugglers, dancers, posture-makers, singers, story-tellers, performers of comic farces, and various classes of mountebanks and buffoons, amuse the simple folk in the hours devoted to repose and idleness, which occupy most of the afternoon. The artist has employed his pencil on a scene of this description.

THE COLLEGE OF MELUN.

Our illustration gives a general view of the commercial college of Melun, France, to which extensive additions have recently been made. It enjoys a fine situation, upon an airy plateau, about an hour's railway journey from Paris, in a southeasterly direction. It is one of the best institutions of its kind in France. French boys are here prepared for agricultural and commercial pursuits, and for entrance into the Ecole Centrale, Saint-Cyr, and the various higher colleges of the arts and trades. The Melun College has over three hundred students and thirty-five professors.

PRINCE ALEXANDER I. OF BULGARIA.

We give a portrait of Prince Alexander I. of Bulgaria, who is at the present time brought prominently before the eyes of the world by the Roumelian revolt. A sketch of this ruler, together with some account of the present disturbed aspect of the Eastern question, will be found elsewhere in our columns.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE for young women at Boston has opened with 510 students and 74 professors and assistants. University courses have been established in all the leading departments, introducing the student to practice in research and direct investigation in the library and the laboratories. These are all taken.

THE college year at Princeton commenced with the largest number of students ever entered there. The large corps of instructors has been increased during the Summer months by the addition of two Assistant Professors. Professor William F. Magie, who has lately taken the degree of Ph. D. in Germany, has been made Assistant Professor in Physics, and Henry B. Fine, '80, also having taken the same degree in Leipzig, has been given the Assistant Professorship in Mathematics.

M. PASTEUR intends to organize a service by means of which it will be possible to prevent madness in animals. M. Pasteur is said to have discovered a sure preventive against this terrible malady. Some time since he treated a little Alsatian boy, nine years old, whose mother brought him to Paris from Alsace, where he had been bitten in both thighs, both legs, and in the hand. M. Pasteur's treatment was perfectly successful. This is, it is said, the first time that the distinguished *savant* has applied his method to a human being.

LORD CARNARVON has resolved to signalize his administration of the Viceroyalty in Ireland by reviving the Irish fisheries. He has become satisfied that an Imperial loan of \$2,500,000 is necessary to rescue the fishing industry from its present stagnation, which is due largely to the miserable harbor accommodations and to the antiquated implements used by the fishermen. He intends to ask the next Parliament to advance the money at a nominal rate of interest, to enable the fishermen to obtain proper boats and facilities for pursuing their occupation successfully.

AN electoral factor of growing importance in Great Britain is found in the spread of the Tory Primrose League. This organization is growing daily more powerful through comprehensive organization. It is establishing lodges, which are called "habitations," even in the remotest districts. These "habitations" are conducted on the principle of American campaign clubs, and managed with a view to disseminate party literature and information, and to keep alive party spirit and pride. Everything possible is done to make the membership tempting and permanent. Ladies are induced to join the "habitations" and perform missionary work in their interest, and all that money, social influence, political literature and talk can do to catch or coerce votes is unsparingly done by the Primrose League.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

SEPTEMBER 19TH.—In Jancsville, Wis., Samuel B. Waugh, artist, of Philadelphia; in Burlington, Vt., the Hon. Bradford Rixford, chief law clerk of the United States Pension Bureau, aged 66 years; in Perth Amboy, N. J., the Rev. G. W. McMillan, formerly a missionary to Madura, aged 78 years; in New York, John S. Ward, one of the founders of the Produce Exchange, aged 55 years; in New York, W. O. E. Bourne, manager and statistician of the Importers' and Grocers' Exchange, aged 60 years; in Newport, R. I., Freeman Maybury, a retired captain, aged 91 years; in New York, Dr. William C. Hunter, a well-known physician, aged 56 years. SEPTEMBER 20TH.—In New York, Florentino Gimbert, one of the oldest Spanish residents of this city, aged 80 years; in Flint, Mich., Dr. George W. Fish, United States Consul at Tunis under President Hayes, aged 69 years; in Lewiston, N. Y., ex-Assemblyman Sherburne B. Piper, a prominent lawyer, aged 78 years. SEPTEMBER 21ST.—In Putnam, N. Y., John H. Robertson, a well-known planing-mill owner of Brooklyn, aged 48 years; in Brooklyn, Burdett Stryker, prominent in local politics, etc., aged 76 years. SEPTEMBER 22ND.—In Hamilton, Va., Commodore A. A. Semmes, commandant of the Washington Navy Yard; at Hoosick Falls, Lyman Wilder, Director of the Troy and Boston Railroad, aged 86 years; in Rome, N. Y., Samuel Campbell, a prominent cotton manufacturer, aged 76 years; in Buffalo, N. Y., Myron P. Bush, a prominent business man and turfman, aged 64 years. SEPTEMBER 23RD.—In New York, George Wilkes, the well-known journalist and sportsman, aged 68 years; in Clinton, Conn., William H. Buell, prominent in local politics and enterprises, aged 79 years; in New York, Mrs. Laura M. Bronson, teacher and writer upon elocution, wife of the late Professor C. P. Bronson. SEPTEMBER 24TH.—In Jackson, N. H., William I. Schenck, an old New York business man, aged 76 years; in Newport, R. I., James B. Windle, widely known in social circles, aged 60 years. SEPTEMBER 25TH.—In Lexington, Ky., Thomas J. Nichols, horse-breeder and turfman, aged 48 years; in Jersey City, N. J., the Rev. William B. Kenny, Pastor of St. Paulinus's Church, Denville, England, aged 49 years; in Lawrence, L. I., Richard H. Huntley, lawyer and politician, aged 65 years.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GENERAL LONGSTREET is keeping a hotel at Gainesville, Ga.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA is writing letters from Australian cities.

MME. PATTI writes to a friend in San Francisco that she will visit the Golden Gate next Spring.

JAMES McNEIL WHISTLER, the original high-priest of the "bilious" school of art, will soon visit the United States.

MEMORIAL services in honor of the late Sir Moses Montefiore will be held on October 4th in all the chief cities of the United States.

MR. PIERRE LORILLARD has sold "The Breakers," his Summer residence at Newport, R. I., to Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, for the sum of \$400,000.

GENERAL ROBERT TOOMBS is reported to be seriously ill. He is in his seventy-fourth year, and has been confined to his bed for several weeks. It is feared that this is his last sickness.

THE Rev. R. T. Thornton, who preached at the Chestnut Hill P. E. Church, Philadelphia, on Sunday morning, the 20th ult., is the captain of the English Gentlemen Cricketers, a genial gentleman and an eloquent speaker.

THE venerable Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, now in her eighty-second year, attended all the recent sessions of the Social Science Association, the Historical Society at Saratoga, the celebration at Concord, and the Institute at Newport.

THE office of Chief of the Post-office Inspectors has been tendered by the Postmaster-general to William A. West, of Mississippi. Mr. West is a prosperous farmer living near Oxford, Miss., and has been president of a bank in Oxford.

EARL GRANVILLE, Mr. Gladstone's Minister for Foreign Affairs, has returned from his Channel cruise with his deafness so greatly increased that he is unable any longer to transact ordinary business. It will be impossible for him to re-enter public life.

COLONEL ABRAHAM BAIRD, Assistant Inspector-general, has been appointed by the President to be Inspector-general of the Army, with the rank of brigadier-general, to succeed General Nelson H. Davis, retired. Captain Henry J. Farnsworth, Eighth Cavalry, has been appointed Assistant Inspector-general, with the rank of major.

It was the late Emory Storrs who drew the following caricature of ex-President Hayes, on the occasion of some great public gathering: "There stood R. B. Hayes, clad in a long linen duster, with a straw hat upon the back of his head, holding in his right hand a yellow worsted bag with the letters R. B. H. worked in purple by Lucy on one side. And no one spoke to him except a policeman, and he told him to keep off the grass."

A COLORED woman named Sarah Jenifer died in Washington, D. C., last week, at the age of 112 years. It is said that a colored man, Shadrack Nugent, living in the same city, is even older than the deceased woman, being 125 years of age. His eyesight is as good as ever, and for ten years he has not carried a cane, until recently, since he has been suffering with the rheumatism. He has seen every President who has been in the White House but President Cleveland, and he says that as soon as he gets strong enough to walk he will call on him.

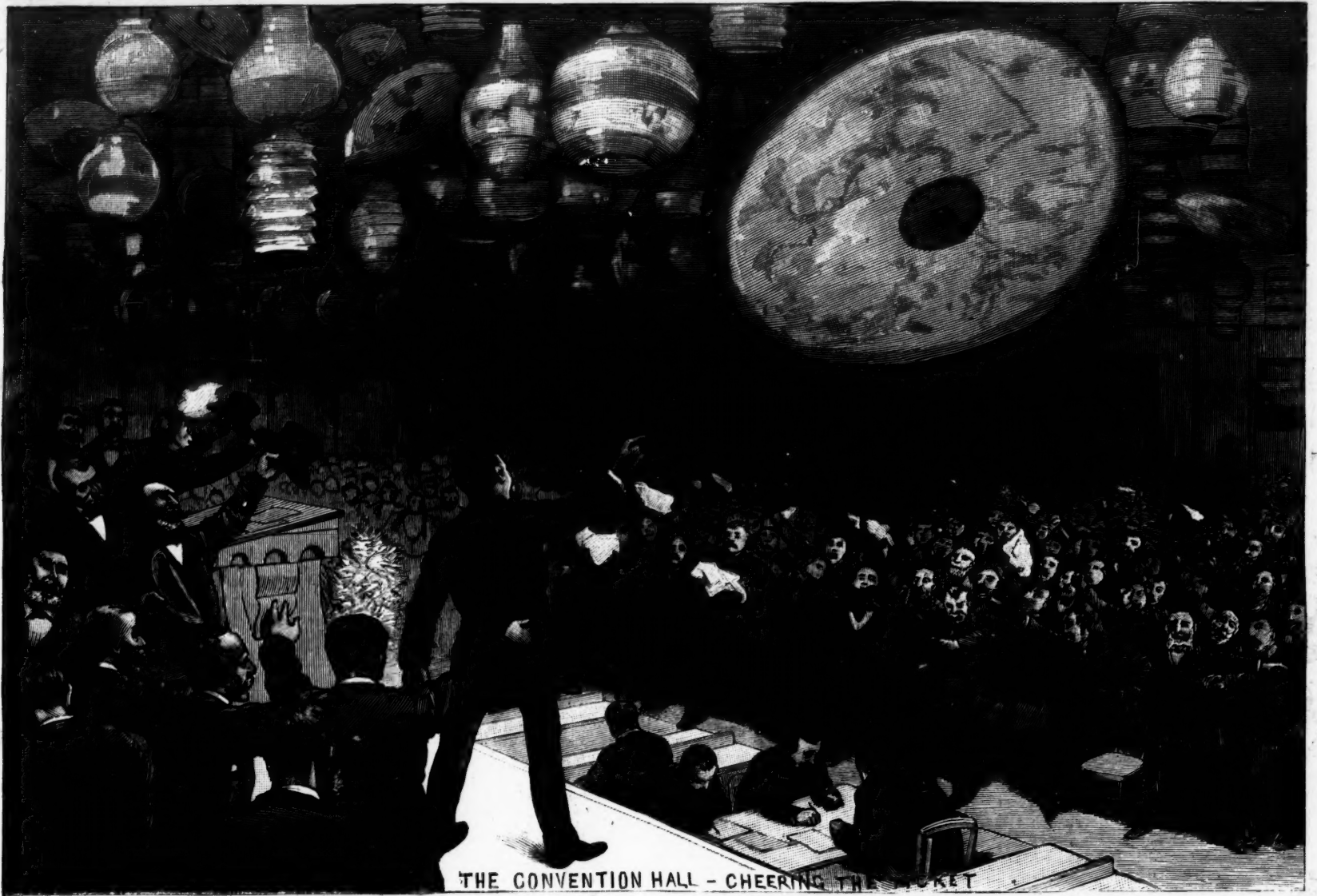
CHRISTINE NILSSON met with a most enthusiastic reception upon her arrival at Christiansa, Sweden. The streets through which she passed were crowded with people who heartily cheered the celebrated singer. After each concert she was obliged to appear at a window of the hotel and sing native songs. The king sent his chamberlain to welcome her home. On the 23d, when she sang at Stockholm, 30,000 people surrounded her hotel, and the excitement became so great that the throng became uncontrollable, and seventeen persons were crushed to death. Twenty others sustained injuries.

MR. AUGUSTUS L. HECKLER, the New York journalist who saved two persons from drowning at Asbury Park last month, has received the highest award in the gift of the Life-saving and Benevolent Association of New York. It is a gold medal of great beauty and no small intrinsic value. Mr. Heckler's bravery in rescuing the young lady—a charming Baltimore belle—and his remarkable self-abnegation in swimming out a second time to bring in the gentleman who was her companion, are discussed with wondering admiration by the fortunate life-saver's comrades of the Press.

MR. WINANS, the American Nimrod, does not appear to have been impressed either by the censures of the Press or by the snubbing he received from the English Court of Session, as he has just added largely to the vast extent of country which he rents in the Strathglass and Kintail districts of Inverness-shire and Ross-shire. Mr. Winans now leases no fewer than fourteen forests and shootings, which he has joined together, and his preserve extends across Scotland from Moray Firth to Loch Duich, and covers at least 25,000 acres, his sporting rental exceeding £14,000 a year.

THE insanity of the King of Bavaria has lately taken a less fantastic and more furious form. He no longer delights in listening in solitude to costly operas, or in building palaces where they can never be used, but he amuses himself by knocking down his couriers and treating his soldiers and attendants with brutality. It is said that the fact of his hopeless insanity will soon be formally recognized by the Bavarian Landtag by voting to pay the enormous debts of the King under the state's guarantee, on the condition that the Landtag shall hereafter have absolute control over the finances of the royal household.

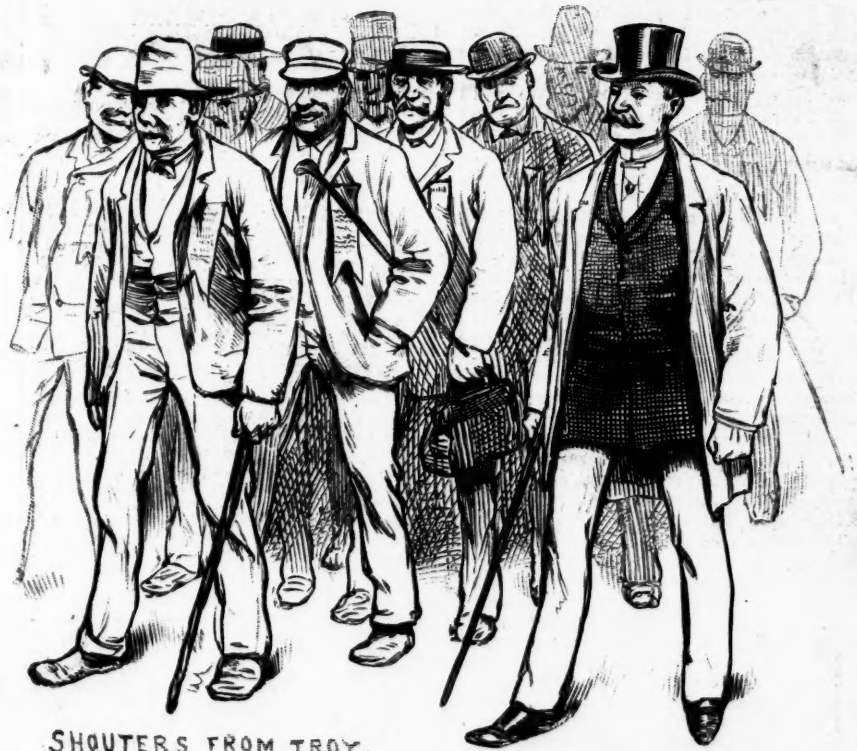
THE Philadelphia Press says: "Samuel J. Randall has an office on the third floor of 615 Walnut Street. The building is occupied chiefly by lawyers. The immense crowd of place-hunters surging up and down stairs and stopping in every other room to inquire where Mr. Randall receives visitors set the other attorneys wild. Mr. Randall himself has only a little sign nailed up on the door. Everybody misses it, naturally. The lawyers, by way of saving themselves from annoyance, have pasted the inside of the building over with placards announcing that Mr. Randall can be seen only on the top floor, at the end of the entry, near the janitor's ice-chest. The sign on the first floor is a little paper thing about the size of a handkerchief. Upon each flight there are these signs, each a little larger than the one below. On the top floor, at the head of the stairs, is a brown paper sign, two yards square, artistically decorated with sunflowers and index fingers."



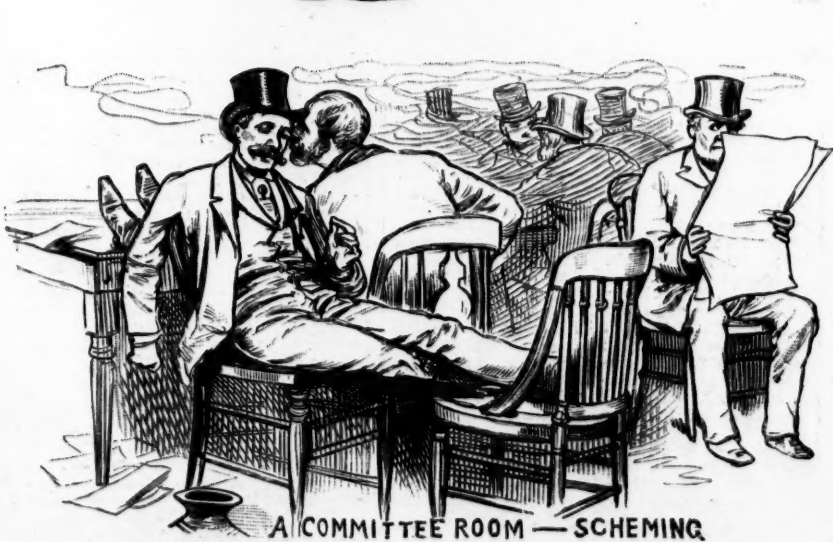
THE CONVENTION HALL - CHEERING THE SPEAKER



A PUZZLED DELEGATE



SHOUTERS FROM TROY

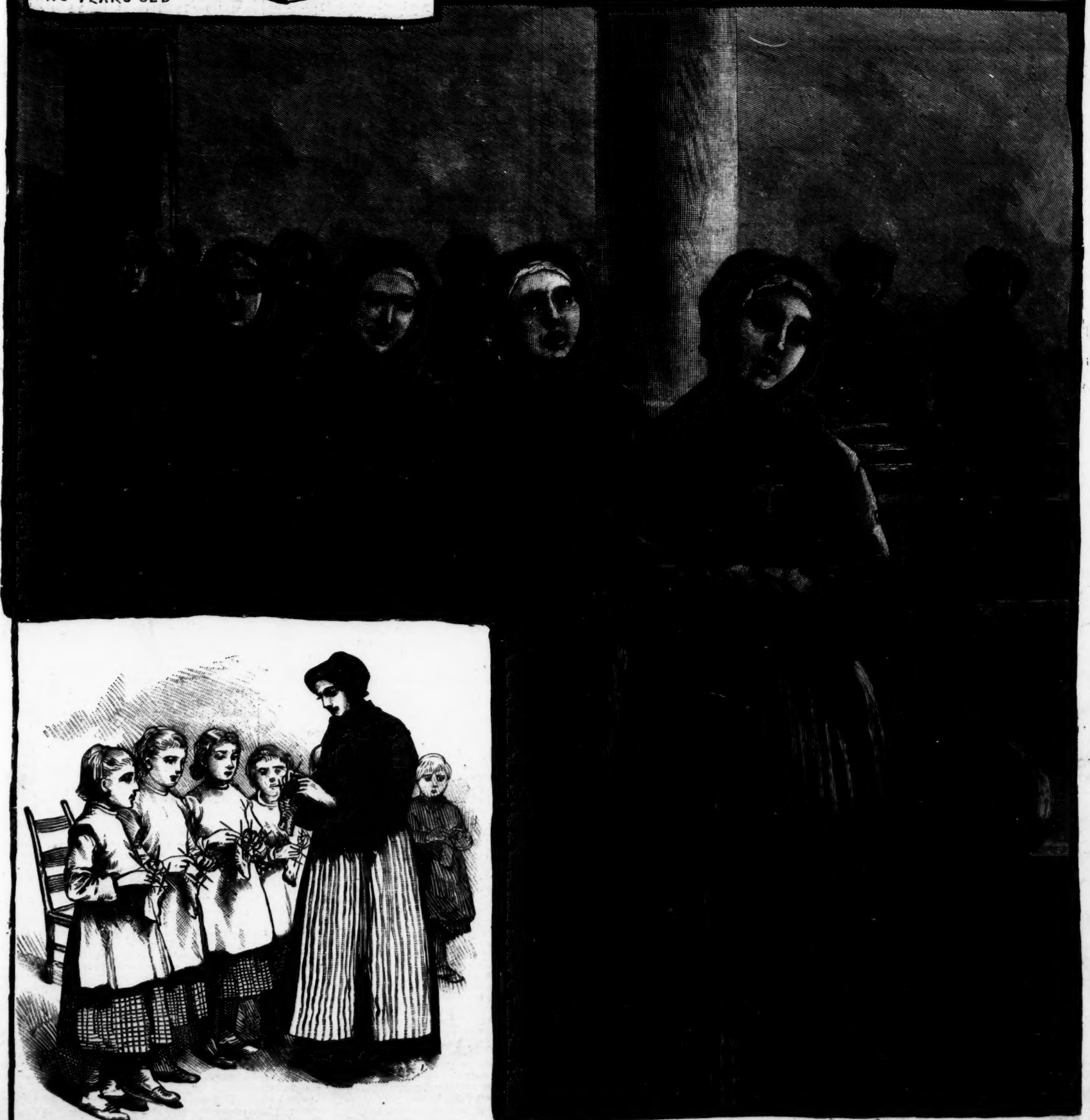


A COMMITTEE ROOM - SCHEMING



A HAYSENDER ABOUT TO DINE

NEW YORK.—THE POLITICAL CONVENTIONS AT SARATOGA LAST WEEK--SCENES AND INCIDENTS.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 107.



CANADA.—THE SMALLPOX EPIDEMIC AT MONTREAL—THE VOLUNTEER NURSES—THE GRAY NUNS.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 100.

THE SPINSTER.

YES, we parted for this reason:
That life is hard, and men must live;
And tho' our love was beautiful,
Food and drink it could not give.
So we talked the matter over in a calm and quiet way,
And without any weeping put our dreams away.
Just as brave true love will not shrink
From pain and want and strife,
Ours faced as well the living death
Of a divided life.
We parted in the twilight—one hand-clasp—he
was gone!
And I think, as far as love goes, my heart then
turned to stone.
He has married a sweet lady,
Of pure and fair renown,
And the gold within her coffers
Is become his own.
She's so gentle, his true lady, that nobody knows
If to her, or to himself, all this wealth he owes.
And he loves her—'tis his duty—
And I'm sure no earthly thing
Would ever shake him from the faith
He pledged with wedding-ring.
And their life is perfect—as one sees the story told;
And I count the new days better for him than the
old.
And I am waiting—waiting
For strength to tell some man
I will keep his house in order,
And love him—if I can.
Twice I've tried to tell the tale unto some rich
man's son,
But the words, they choked me; I did not dare
go on.
In the dusk I sit alone now,
My youth is going fast,
And I'm getting to be thankful
Life cannot always last.
A spinster's fate is on me, and no wealth I own;
But poverty's not evil, when one bears it all alone.
I'm glad I was brave-hearted,
And saw the thing aright,
And I think, if all came back again,
I'd do the same to-night.
For love is good, and life is good, and home is
full of rest;
But to do one's duty bravely is very much the best.

DAVIDA.

The Princess Ermenzarde; Or, The Begum's Bracelet.

BY M. T. CALDOR.

CHAPTER XX.

"PHILIP," said Miss Poindexter, the day after the stirring and exciting events of the last chapter, "I promised to call on Winifred to-day. Will you not accompany me?"
"If you wish it, certainly," responded Philip, with an alacrity which made her smile.
The young man had been gathering great hopes, though they were rather vague, and scarcely to be rationally accounted for.
That Sir Robert Bentthorne's visit had great significance, there could be no question. But why he should feel that, in some way, it was to remove that gentleman's objection to his suit with Winifred Darke was a question Philip was scarcely able to answer.
But he was very bright and cheery on their drive to Riverside, although his companion was silent and drowsy.
Before they had fairly reached the house, however, this mercurial young man felt his spirits falling down—down, until they seemed far below zero indeed.
And the reason of this was simply seeing Sir Robert Bentthorne walking up the avenue with a slender, girlish figure beside him, whose tiny hand rested confidently on her companion's arm.
The pedestrians turned at the sound of the wheels, and waited for the carriage to reach them, and all four went together into the parlor, where Lord and Lady Wistar were sitting over the newspapers.
Lady Wistar's face betrayed her surprise, although she exerted her utmost powers of politeness to greet the unexpected guests with courtesy.
"I promised Winifred that I would see her soon," was all Miss Poindexter's explanation.
And if she was embarrassed or agitated, she concealed it admirably. They sat and talked upon all sorts of indifferent subjects—the country gossip, the political situation, the roads. And one and all knew that some sudden surprise was yet to be sprung upon them to shake them out of this careless show of social ease.
Sir Robert drew Philip on one side on pretense of showing him a book of machinery-patterns of great value.
But they only glanced at the first, when he said:
"Philip, my lad, you agreed with me, the other day, that it should be a fair fight. I am going to take Winifred out upon the balcony to ask her the momentous question, Will she come to Fairview Halls to live with me? Come out to us in ten minutes, for the sight of my success or discomfiture; for your turn will come then. Do you agree?"
"Yes, I agree," said poor Philip, in the tone of the forlornest forlorn hope.
And Sir Robert went back, and said, quietly:
"Winifred, dear, will you come out on the balcony a moment?"
And, unconscious, Winifred rose with a smile, and followed him to the balcony.
Philip's cold fingers were on his watch-guard every moment of that ten minutes, which seemed longer than many an hour.
At its expiration, he rose with a husky—
"Excuse me, please. Sir Robert asked me to come out."

And he went out by the French window, and what he saw was Winifred folded close in Sir Robert's arms, her hands clasped about his neck, her glad face half-buried on his shoulder.
The moment Sir Robert heard his step, he turned, and, putting the girl gently away, he came forward.
"Philip," he said, "you see how it is. I am a happy man. She will go with me to Fairview."
Poor Philip's face was deathly pale. There was a ringing in his ears, a horrible, sinking, deathly despair in his heart. Yet he fought bravely, and, holding out his hand, he faltered:
"Oh, sir, be good to her, and tender as I would have been! God bless you both!"
And then he turned slowly, lingeringly, like one crushed by a blow that had banished all his strength and youthful vigor.
But Sir Robert's hand fell on his shoulder, and his glad voice said:
"My true and gallant knight, this hour have you won your spurs. Hark you, Philip, you have not heard the whole. Winifred will go with me to Fairview Halls as my daughter. Will you come thither, with her father's best wishes, to see how successfully you can woo its heiress?"
Philip's fainting heart gave one mighty throb, and the vigorous blood came pouring back into lip and cheek.
"Your daughter!" he stammered. "Ah, how stupid I have been! And I was always wondering whose likeness it was I saw in those soft gray eyes of hers. And—no—no, you need not tell the rest. Oh, fool and blind! I may well call myself. Winifred, Winifred, is not this more beautiful, far more beautiful, than your wildest fancies? Oh, come to your mother! Do I not guess how her heart is yearning for you? Let me not speak a word till she has clasped you in her arms. Let me take you in to her."
"Not so fast, my Philip," said Sir Robert, hastily. "That is my privilege. I have to introduce both wife and daughter to my much deceived sister and brother here. But, Heaven be praised! all secrecy is ended for ever now, I trust."
They went back, Winifred clinging to his arm, her sweet face radiant with joy, though a little dazed by the brilliancy of the light thus suddenly thrown upon her.
Lady Wistar rose hastily as she saw their attitude. She could not forbear the thrust she was enabled to make under the garb of perfect courtesy.
"Ah!" she said, "it is evident what my brother will say to us. He brings his betrothed to receive our congratulations."
"Nay, Mary, it is a richer and fuller gift he is enabled to show to you. I bring you my wife and daughter. Ermenzarde, dearest, to your arms I yield her now."
Ermenzarde Poindexter (can we call her by any other name, who have known her thus so long?) rose to her feet, with one low call, so full of rapturous love that Winifred sprang forward and flung herself wildly upon that heaving breast.
"My child! my own child!"
"Mother! oh, mother! mother!"
These were the cries between wild kisses, and sobbing breaths, and low-murmured ejaculations of thanksgiving.
Sir Robert folded them both in his own strong arms, and the others stood weeping in joyful sympathy.
It was very long before anything like tranquillity returned. Then were the countless explanations and bitter regrets and joyful hopes to be reiterated.
But before they returned to Cedarswold, Philip found opportunity to draw the blushing, happy Winifred aside.
"Oh, Winifred! I feel so guilty to dare to lift my eyes to such a prize—heiress of Cedarswold and Fairview both. And yet your father bade me come, and Miss Poindexter—I mean Lady Bentthorne—has given me gracious approval. Winifred, shall I dare?"
"Dare all things honorable, Philip," answered Winifred, and nearly blushed her cheeks into successful rivalry with the great roses in the vase beside her while she said it.
And so Philip caught the little hand in his, and kissed it fondly.
And in a week's time—the day after Major Steele had been laid away in the great tomb, it was—the whole story was made public and given to the world. And many and various were the comments. Yet one and all agreed that never, in all the land, was a nobler and grander couple to be found than Sir Robert and Lady Bentthorne; and that a sweeter and fairer heiress could not be discovered anywhere to inherit two such fortunes, all the suitors far and near, within the county and beyond to the metropolis, averred, and would perforce have gladly proved their assertions by deeds as well as words, but that fair young Winifred would listen to none of them.
"Philip," said Sir Robert, "we have seen too little of this fair daughter of ours to lose her lightly. The wooing must last two years at least, or my consent is withdrawn. We are wondering which home we shall send you to. Would you rather see Winifred mistress at Fairview or at Cedarswold?"
That question, however, was settled for them before another year was out. A late blossom to a late Summer came when the little son's advent was rung in joyously at Fairview Halls. He was the future baronet, of course.
"And you, Philip," said Lady Bentthorne, joyously, "when you marry Winifred shall add the name Poindexter, and beneath the name to every child of yours, till the Poindexter-Laings shall be known, and honorably, too, we trust, throughout the old country."
And Madame De Leirénéz?
She lived a year, but she never left her chamber in Cedarswold. When the struggling mind resumed its sway, she found herself in the chamber

which had been her girlish refuge, surrounded by every luxury and care that wealth could procure. And Ermenzarde herself was gently wiping away the clammy dew from her forehead when the first ray of intelligence returned.
"You—you!" she said. "And you do not look angry, nor haughty?"
"No, Louise. I am only pitiful. You have suffered greatly, and I fear you may suffer more. I will do all I can for you."
She was too weak to answer back. But the next time she was able to talk much longer.
"You do not hate me, Ermenzarde?"
"No, Louise. I forgive all. And I pray you also to put out all thoughts of envy or resentment against any one."
"You know that I came here to complete my evil deeds?" she asked, incredulously. "Do you know that I listened to Uncle Ralph's confession to you on his dying bed? That I learned about the will that was to save you from Major Steele?"
"No, I was not sure of that. But I suspected it. It was you who took the will from Uncle Ralph's hiding-place and transferred it to another?"
"Yes, it was I. No sooner did I hear that, than I flew down to the library. Andrea was there with his great rolls of brown paper and his pot of paste, repapering the backs of the engravings to keep out the dust and moisture. I found the will. It came over me like a flash what to do with it. The framed engravings were lying down ready for his work. I sent him out for a glass of fresh water, and I put the will underneath, and repasted the Laocoon, which he had just finished and hung up. Ermenzarde, I did it, meaning to keep you in my power, and to work a bitter revenge. For I hated you—how I hated you! especially after I heard the dying man tell you how he trusted you. But most of all because—Robert loved you."
"Yes, Louise, I know," returned her cousin, sorrowfully.
"I came meaning to carry the paper away and to send Major Steele here with the proof of your marriage. I sent him word to wait for me. Where is he? Has he tried to come here?"
"No, Louise, he has not."
"That is strange. He must have wondered greatly. But he heard of my illness, Ermenzarde! He was to pay me for the work. I have spent the money Uncle Ralph left me, and all the fortune the poor old Frenchman who married me left behind him. I have lavished my money upon every whim that seized me, because I knew I could win more from Marcus Steele the moment I put those proofs in his hand. Do you not hate me again, now I tell you this?"
"No, my poor Louise. I shall never hate you again. I only pity you with profoundest pity."
They did not tell her of Marcus Steele's tragic fate until many weeks after, and only then because her suspicions were aroused, and her importunity was injuring her.
While she listened, she gave startled glances around over her shoulder, as if expecting the same unseen avengers might also swoop down upon her.
But from that time she changed, and grew gentle and patient under her sufferings, and had long spells of silent brooding. And finally she one day caught Ermenzarde's hand and prayed:
"Oh, show me what I shall do? what is real repentance? I am dying by slow disease—Nemesis has been on my track also. The Begum's bracelet avenged you, Ermenzarde. The railway disaster took you to your child and Philip—but it stabbed me with the poisonous dart of the Begum's bracelet. The doctor thinks I do not know it, but I heard him tell it to the others, when he thought I was asleep. Ermenzarde, you are good and true, you have forgiven me. Oh, complete the forgiveness by showing me how to win Heaven's forgiveness before I go."
"My poor Louise!"
And Ermenzarde bent down her stately head and kissed the poor, pinched, withered face.
What would she have said, a year before, if one had told her she would do this thing?
"My poor Louise, let me read you the Bible promises."
And when the time came, the poor, frenzied, sin-tossed soul went peacefully and in trembling trust.

THE END.

THE GOOD GRAY NUNS OF MONTREAL.

THE General Hospital at Montreal was founded in the last days of French rule by a charitable widow, Madame Yon d'Yenville, who organized a community of Sisters to direct. These Sisters of Charity, from their dress, are commonly called the Gray Nuns, as those of the Hôtel Dieu, who are really cloistered nuns, go by the popular name of Black Nuns. The Hôtel Dieu is the hospital proper for the treatment of disease; the General Hospital is a receptacle for all who suffer from human miseries—the aged poor, the foundling, the orphan, the homeless, the incurable. It replaces the poorhouse of our towns. Besides the care of those received within the walls of the General Hospital, the Gray Nuns attend the sick in their homes, and are now uniting in their attention to those suffering from smallpox. When the epidemic declared itself, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal held a conference with the Superiors of the Gray Nuns and the Sisters of Providence, and gave them his authority to allow their nuns to assist the Board of Health in their work by a house-to-house inspection. The good Nuns entered bravely upon their work, and their visitations throughout the city and the suburbs of Sainte-Cunegonde and Griffintown have discovered and brought relief to a great number of the afflicted.
The superstition of the lower class of French Canadians places serious obstacles in the way of the officials who are striving to check the alarming progress of the plague. These poor people buy pictures of St. Roche, with a prayer posted on the back, as a protection against smallpox; but they have no faith in vaccination. When they pass a placarded house, they merely hold up the picture-card and mutter a prayer. How disastrous are the results of this course, the official statement of the Health Department shows.

During the week ending September 18th, there were 184 deaths from smallpox, 178 of the victims being Catholics and only 6 Protestants, while 169 of these Catholics were French Canadians. The greater part of them were children under ten years of age. Compulsory vaccination is proposed, but if undertaken, it is believed it will meet with violent resistance.

Our illustrations include a picture of a procession of the Gray Nuns at chapel; views of their kindly occupations of teaching the young founding girls to knit, and of making dolls to amuse the little ones; also a portrait of the oldest of their charges—a bent old man, who has passed the centenary's age by half a score of years, and is still surviving to receive the tender ministrations of the angelic Sisters.

THE REVOLT IN ROUMELIA.

THE Eastern Question, which has so long vexed the politics of Europe, is once more commanding attention. On the 18th of September the populace of Philippopolis, the capital of Eastern Roumelia, rose in rebellion, made the Governor-general a prisoner, declared their independence of Turkey and allegiance to Prince Alexander Battenberg of Bulgaria, and installed a provisional Government. Except the Turkish officials, the whole population was in sympathy with the movement, which was executed so quickly and with so little friction as to leave no doubt that it was but the execution of a plan which had been long considered and emanated from lofty sources of political strategy. There was absolutely no disorder, and the local militia were quickly sworn to fealty to the Prince of Bulgaria.

The first movement of the new Government was to occupy all the strategic points on the Turkish frontier, destroy telegraphic communication, and blow up the bridges on the railroads and roads leading into Turkey, so as to delay the advance of any force coming from that direction. Immediately on receipt of the news at Sofia, which he had undoubtedly been anticipating, Prince Alexander started for Philippopolis, the whole army was mobilized, and a corps was ordered to proceed instantly to the frontier. Arriving at Philippopolis, the Prince received the homage of the provisional Government, and appointed its president, M. Strasko, his special commissioner. He has since issued a circular to the Powers, in which he announces the union of Eastern Roumelia and Bulgaria. He says he has accepted a popular election in no hostile spirit to Turkey. He recognizes the Sultan's suzerainty, and holds himself responsible for the public security. He asks the Powers to intervene in order that the union may be recognized as an accomplished fact; otherwise the people are resolved to do everything that lies in their power to uphold the union. The National Assembly of Bulgaria has unanimously approved Prince Alexander's action, and proclaimed a union of the two Bulgarias. The Bulgarian Parliament has voted \$25,000,000 for the purpose of carrying out the unity programme, and adopted a resolution petitioning the Czar to allow the Russian officers of the Bulgarian Army to remain in the militia of Roumelia have been discharged from the service as a precautionary measure against the conveying of military secrets to Turkey. Prince Alexander, while inspecting a body of reserves who were about to start for the frontier, made a brief address to the troops, concluding as follows: "My brave men, we have no quarrel with the Turks, but if they dispute our action we will fight them to the death, and be assured that I will always be found in the thick of the battle." The Prince's speech was received by the troops with the greatest enthusiasm. The entire province has been declared in a state of siege. Meanwhile there is great excitement at Constantinople over the situation. Troops have been ordered to concentrate on the Roumelian frontier, and the Porte has issued a circular to the signatory Powers of the Treaty of Berlin protesting that the conduct of Prince Alexander is a violation of the stipulations of the Treaty, and declaring that the Sultan has resolved on efficient action to carry out the rights of the Porte contained in Article Sixteen of the Treaty, which provides that in the event of the internal or external security of Eastern Roumelia being threatened, the Porte, after informing the Powers of the exigencies that require it, may send Ottoman troops into the province. The course that the Powers will take is not yet determined, but it is possible that a conference may be held to settle the question. There are indications that Macedonia may again break into revolt, and Crete, an eyalet of Turkey, is already in a state of rebellion.

We give on next page a map of the countries most immediately affected by the revolt. As will be seen, Eastern Roumelia is a state lying just south of Bulgaria, from which it is divided by the Balkan Mountain range. It has an area of 13,500 square miles and a population of 850,000, of whom nearly 600,000 are Bulgars, 175,000 Turks, 40,000 Greeks, and the remainder Gypsies, Jews and Armenians. Philippopolis, the capital, contains about 45,000 inhabitants. It has twenty mosques and numerous Greek and Armenian churches, and flourishing manufactures of woolen, silk and cotton fabrics, leather, soap, tobacco, etc. Agriculture is the chief industry of the country, wheat, barley, rye and corn being the principal crops. Attar-of-roses is also an important product, amounting to \$500,000 yearly, and Eastern Roumelia is the only European country in which it is made. A considerable amount of wine, tobacco and silk cocoons is also produced, and numerous live stock of all kinds. Woolen cloth is largely manufactured in several places.

The state has up to the present formed a part of the Turkish Empire. But the Treaty of Berlin (July 13th, 1878) gave it local administrative autonomy, and provided that it should have a Christian Governor-general. The borders were to be fortified by the Porte, but internal order was to be maintained by a local gendarmerie and local militia recruited with regard to the religion of the people; and not even in the border fortresses was the Porte to employ Bashi-Bazouks, Circassians or other irregular troops, nor in any event were any Turkish troops to be quartered on the people. The Treaty also provided that, with the assent of the Powers, the Sultan should appoint the Governor-general of Eastern Roumelia, to hold office for five years. The man appointed to that office, who has now been deposed by peaceful revolution, was Gabriel Pasha Chrestovich, appointed May 18th, 1884, and installed July 3d, 1884.

Bulgaria, to which this revolutionary state has annexed itself, was by the same Treaty of Berlin made an "autonomous and tributary Principality" under the suzerainty of the Sultan, having a Christian Government and national militia. The reigning Prince, Alexander I., is a son of Prince Alexander of Hesse, and nephew of the

Empress of Russia, as was confirmed by Treaty, elected by the people of the Powers, his title being hereditary. Bulgaria has an area of 24,400 square miles, and a population of more than 2,000,000, of whom 1,400,000 are Bulgars, 450,000 Turks, and the rest Wallachians, Tziganes, Gypsies, Jews, etc. The Greek religion is the prevailing one, being accepted by three-fourths of the

drawn. Roll-call was dispensed with for the second vote, and the nomination of Ira Davenport was made by acclamation, the result being received with cheers, shouts, waving of handkerchiefs and hands. When General Husted announced that the nomination of a candidate for Lieutenant-governor was next in order, there was such a general outcry for "Carr! Carr!" that the popular general's nomination was carried *via voce*, and

cons. The gathering at the Democratic Convention was even greater than at that of the other party, and it was equally enthusiastic. The Convention was organized by the Hon. George Raines, who was chosen as temporary chairman, and afterwards unanimously elected permanent chairman. Mr. Raines delivered an eloquent address in praise of the National and State administrations of his party. The real work of the Convention was done

in the night session, and the struggle lasted until midnight. There was a vigorous effort, under the direction of the County Democracy, to prevent, or at least obstruct, the nomination of Governor Hill. After several ineffectual attempts at postponement, a ballot was reached shortly after eleven o'clock, and the following vote was announced: Hill, 338; Hewitt, 33; Slocum, 8; Flower, 1. Whole number of votes cast, 380; necessary to a choice, 193. Governor Hill was thereupon declared, amid a storm of cheers and music, to be the nominee of the Convention for Governor; and an adjournment was taken until the following day.

On Friday, the work of the Convention was completed without serious difficulty. Gen. Pryor, from the Committee on Resolutions, reported a special resolution of respect to the memory of General Grant, a respect shared alike by the "heroes he led and the heroes he conquered." This resolution was adopted by a rising vote, after which the platform was read and adopted. This approves the official course of Governor Hill; applauds the "wise and statesmanlike" policy of

the National Administration; reiterates the Civil Service declarations of the National Conventions of 1880 and 1884, but demands the reorganization of the present Commission; demands the repeal of the compulsory coinage Act; declares for a revision of the tariff on the principles laid down by the national platform last year, etc.

The platform adopted, the selection of the remainder of the ticket was next in order. After a good deal of persuasion, Hon. Roswell P. Flower consented to be a candidate for Lieutenant-governor, and he was nominated by acclamation, and with a good deal of enthusiasm. The ticket was then completed by the following nominations: For *Secretary of State*, Frederick Cook, of Monroe; for *Comptroller*, Alfred C. Chapin, of Kings; for *Attorney-general*, Denis O'Brien, of Jefferson; for *State Treasurer*, Lawrence J. Fitzgerald, of Cortland; for *State Engineer and Surveyor*, Elathan Sweet, of Albany. The Convention finally adjourned, apparently well satisfied with its work, the Tammany men being especially jubilant.

GOVERNOR D. B. HILL, THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE.

David B. Hill, renominated for the Governorship by the Democratic Convention, was born in Havana, Schuylar (then Chemung) County, N. Y., in 1844. His ancestors were New Englanders. Educated in the schools of his native place, he went to Elmira in 1862, where he completed his law studies, and was admitted to the Bar in November, 1864. He has ever since continued to reside and practice his profession in Elmira. Entering politics at an early age, he was, in 1865, elected City Attorney of Elmira, and in 1871-72 represented Chemung County in the State Assembly, serving on some important committees. He was chairman of the Democratic State Convention in 1877, and also of that of 1880. In the Spring of 1882 he was elected Mayor of Elmira, and in November of the same year was chosen Lieutenant-governor on the ticket headed by Grover Cleveland. Upon the accession of the latter to the Presidency, Mr. Hill became Governor *de facto*, and has for the past eight months discharged the duties belonging to that position.

As a varnish for ferrotypes the following recipe has been recommended: The solvent should be highly rectified benzole and the most suitable resinous body is gum damar. Crush the gum, and having placed it in a tall bottle, pour in the benzole and shake it up at repeated intervals until the gum is dissolved. Allow the solution to stand until it is quite clear above the sediment, then decant the liquid carefully into a clean bottle, where it is diluted with benzole until the desired consistency is attained. Good varnish can also be made by dissolving Canada balsam in benzole.

The microscopic determination of the different qualities of iron and steel is now regarded as one of the most valuable aids in metallurgical industries. Thus, the crystals of iron are double pyramids, in which the proportion of the axes to the bases varies with the quality of the iron; the smallness of the crystals and the height of the pyramids composing each element are in proportion to the quality and density of the metal, which are seen also in the fineness of the surface; and, as the proportion of the carbon diminishes in the steel, the pyramids have so much the less height. In pig iron and the lower qualities of hard steel the crystals approach more closely the cubic form. Forged iron has its pyramids flattened and reduced to superposed parallel leaves, whose structure constitutes what is called the nerve of the steel; and the best quality of steel has all its crystals disposed in parallel lines, each crystal filling in the interstices between the angles of those adjoining, these crystals having their axis in the direction of the percussion they undergo during the working. Practically, good steel has the appearance, microscopically, of large groups of beautiful crystals.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The British volunteers in camp at Kingston, Ont., have hanged Riel in effigy.

REPORTS have just reached Paris that China is massing a large force of troops on the Tonquin frontier.

HEAVY rains in Spain have done immense damage to property, and many lives were lost by floods in the mines.

The yacht *Puritan* was sold last week for \$13,500 to Mr. Burgess, her designer, who represented another person. She cost \$26,000.

A CENTENNIAL Temperance Conference, attended by 346 delegates from thirty States, was held last week in Philadelphia.

THE fruit crop in the Hudson River district is almost unprecedented. The shipments of grapes from one locality will amount to 5,250 tons, valued at \$367,500.

It is proposed to erect immense works in Virginia at a cost of \$2,250,000 to manufacture steel, composite brass, etc., the annual capacity to be 100,000 tons.

THE Government of Belgium is preparing a Bill to authorize the sending of paupers to the Congo country as colonists, provision being made to aid them in securing a livelihood.

THE Freshman Class of Cornell University this year, which now numbers nearly 240, is made up largely of students from the Western States. There is an increase in lady students.

NEARLY all the cattle have been removed from the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indian Reservation. Settlers have been ordered to remove their effects from the Crow Creek Reservation in Dakota by October 1st.

THE Chinese workmen in the Black Diamond Mines, near Seattle, Washington Territory, were last week attacked by an armed mob of masked men and driven from their houses, which were then burned.

FLUSHING, L. I., has a Vigilance Committee of married men, which seizes any member who may be found in the streets after eleven o'clock P. M., and "ducks" him in the fountain. Several immersions have already occurred.

THE population of Florida has increased 64,653 since 1880. The number of acres of land assessed is 17,103,182. The value of live stock is \$5,587,403. The value of real and personal property is about \$61,000,000, as against \$30,938,309 in 1880, nearly doubling in five years.

SOCIALIST meetings in London were last week dispersed by the police, who were, however, violently assailed by the mob, and found it difficult to arrest the chief offenders against the peace. Among those arrested was William Morris, the poet, who remonstrated with the police for their violence.

WEDNESDAY, September 23d, was the coldest September day known in New England for many years. Snow fell at Jefferson, N. H., to the depth of six inches, and at various points in Vermont the fall was almost equally heavy. Snow fell, also, at Sharon Springs, N. Y., and a cold wave extended over all the Northern States.

THE American Bankers' Association, at its eleventh annual meeting at Chicago, last week, adopted resolutions calling for the suspension of the Silver Coinage Act until an international agreement of leading commercial nations shall give substantial assurance as to the future relation of gold and silver as money.

THE Dakota Constitutional Convention has adopted clauses providing for the exemption from taxation of property used exclusively for agricultural, horticultural and religious societies, schools, cemetery and charitable purposes, and personal property, not exceeding \$2,000; prohibiting the Legislature from levying a tax of more than two mills on the dollar of assessed valuation; and providing that school-lands shall not be sold for less than ten dollars per acre.

THE Women's Temperance Christian Union of Boston has been instrumental in procuring laws in fourteen States for compulsory education in the effects of liquor on drinkers. The society now seems to feel the responsibility of indicating what the lesson ought to be. It has been decided that, in Massachusetts at least, children shall be instructed that alcohol is never desirable as an article of food; that any considerable indulgence in it is sure to be correspondingly injurious to the body, and that mental and moral ruin is bound to result from excess.

DR. GEORGE R. ELLIOTT was the microscopist employed by General Grant's physicians. In the early stages of the malady bits of the throat were clipped off for examination. It was published that the microscope had proved the cancer to be epithelial, but the physicians did not divulge the fact that every stage of its progress was watched through lenses so magnifying that a scrap of flesh became as big as a plate to look at. Eighteen of the prepared slides were kept by Dr. Elliott. He has now had a cabinet shaped for them, and on it stands a bust of Grant.

ACCORDING to the *Atlanta Constitution*, most of our native professional humorists bear out the popular tradition in being continually shrouded in gloom. "A glance at Bill Arp's melancholy face, the other day, suggested the query, Why are all humorists gloomy? The greatest English wits and humorists lived lives of work and pain. Artemus Ward always seemed to be on the verge of tears. M. Quad, who comes down this way nearly every Winter, is the most disconsolate and uncomfortable looking tourist ever seen in this section. Josh Billings has the air of a man who has just seated himself on a tack. Petroleum V. Nasby looks fighting mad all the time. Mark Twain wears the injured look of a bad boy who has been pulled out of bed to see uncongenial company."

THE American School of Opera has filed its certificate of incorporation in the office of the New York County Clerk. Its incorporators are William R. Grace, August Belmont, Henry G. Marquand, Parke Godwin, Andrew Carnegie, Richard Irvin, Jr., Joseph W. Drexel, William G. Choate, Theodore Thomas, Jesse Seligman, William K. Vanderbilt and F. B. Thurber. The object of the corporation is to found, endow and maintain a musical academy within the State of New York for the advancement of education in the lower and higher branches of music. The corporation is to be located in this city. The trustees for the first year are: Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont, Mrs. William T. Blodgett, Mrs. Richard Irvin, Jr., Mrs. Francis B. Thurber, Thomas W. Ward, Andrew Carnegie, Parke Godwin, William R. Grace and Henry G. Marquand.



THE REVOLT IN EASTERN BULGARIA, AND ITS RELATION TO TURKISH INTERESTS.

people. Sofia, the capital, has 21,000 inhabitants; Varna, the Black Sea port, 25,000; and Shumla, Rustchuk, Radzgrad, Sistova, Plevna, Vidin, and Tirnova, the ancient capital, are cities of from 12,000 to 25,000 inhabitants each. Bulgaria has a considerable national army, a very small navy, and railroad and telegraph lines. Corn is the principal product, and woolen goods the most important article of manufacture. The country formerly belonged to Hungary, but was seized by the Turks in 1392.

THE NEW YORK POLITICAL CONVENTIONS.

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

MONDAY of last week, the eve of the Republican State Convention, saw the three great hotels of Saratoga crowded with delegates and other more or less prominent representatives of the party. Everybody was enthusiastic, everybody busy; and the usual preliminaries went on through the day and evening with a pleasant anticipatory buzz. On Tuesday morning there were street parades and numerous district delegation meetings; and about noon the tide set in towards the Casino, where the Convention was to be held. The Casino, which stands a short distance behind Congress Hall, had been converted from a skating-rink into a very respectable convention-hall. Traces of its former occupancy remained in the shape of numerous Japanese umbrellas, flags and paper lanterns depending from the wooden ceiling, and a not inappropriate mural inscription admonishing those present to "Skate slow." Halfway down the side was the platform decked with bunting, and in a balcony opposite was perched a brass band. The delegations were arranged by counties, in alphabetical order, in a rectangular space between the platform and the balcony. On either side were the spectators, who constituted, with the delegates, an audience of about 3,500 persons.

The Convention organized with Senator Warner Miller as temporary chairman, after which committees were appointed and other preliminaries attended to. At the afternoon session, General James W. Husted was announced as permanent chairman, and made a short but ringing speech, containing an appropriate allusion to Mount McGregor. The nominations then proceeded "in the old-fashioned way," each man who desired to name a candidate coming forward and presenting him, the list being as follows: Ira Davenport, Hon. Levi P. Morton, General Joseph B. Carr, James D. Warren, Dr. Swinburne, Joseph W. Drexel, Cornelius N. Bliss, and General W. H. Seward. The first ballot resulted as follows: Carr, 205; Davenport, 105; Morton, 42; Warren, 137; Swinburne, 32; Drexel, 37; Bliss, 53; Seward, 57; Cornell, 4; Andrews, 1; Low, 16; Starin, 1; Everts, 1. Total, 691; necessary to a choice, 347. The Convention then adjourned until ten o'clock A. M. of the following day.

On Wednesday the session was a brief and harmonious one. The platform was presented, received with enthusiasm, and adopted without discussion or opposition. It is direct and specific upon such leading questions of the day as protection of American labor, Civil Service reform, the finances and the government of cities. It denounces the weak position of the National Administration in regard to the currency, and its hostility to American shipping; and censures the action of Governor Hill on the Census and Brooklyn Reform Bills.

The Convention then quickly proceeded to ballot again for Governor, with the following result: Whole number of votes cast, 693; necessary to a choice, 347. Davenport, 214; Carr, 194; Warren, 113; Bliss, 66; Seward, 54; Swinburne, 29; Drexel, 42; Morton, 8; Cornell, 2; Everts, 1.

Before this result was announced, however, many counties had decided to transfer their votes to Davenport, and Morton's name had been with-

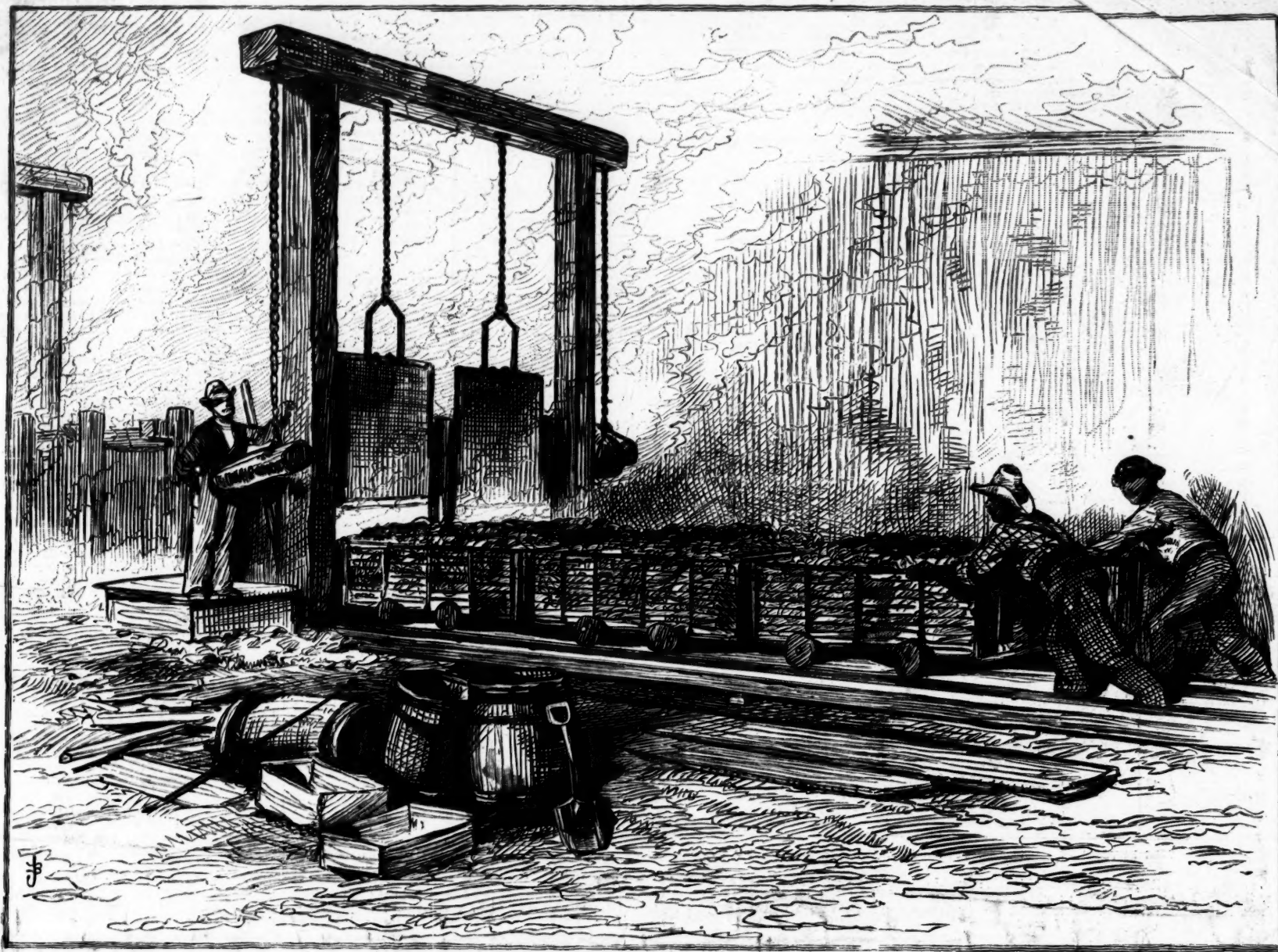
made unanimous amid a storm of cheers. At the suggestion of William Smyth, of Tioga, the Convention showed its faith in Civil Service reform by naming Colonel Anson S. Wood for promotion from Deputy to the head of the office of Secretary of State. Colonel Wood was unanimously nominated. The only name presented for Comptroller was that of James W. Wadsworth, and he was nominated by acclamation. For the office of State Treasurer there were several candidates in the field; but the choice finally rested upon Emigrant Commissioner Charles F. Ulrich, of New York, whose nomination was made unanimous. A lively contest ensued for the Attorney-generalship, resulting finally in the selection of Senator Edward B. Thomas, of Chenango. For State Engineer, the only name presented was that of William B. Van Rensselaer, of Seneca, who was nominated by acclamation. The Convention authorized the State Committee to fill any vacancies that may occur, and to use its own discretion about calling a convention next year to make the single nomination of a Judge of the Court of Appeals. John F. Williams was put upon the State Committee as representative of the colored voters; after which, with three hearty cheers for the ticket, the delegates left the hall, well satisfied with the results of their labor.

IRA DAVENPORT, REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR.

Ira Davenport, who has already served in the State Senate, and as State Comptroller, and who was last Fall elected to represent the Twenty-ninth District in the Forty-ninth Congress, is one of the best known of the younger and progressive Republicans of New York. A son of the enterprising and philanthropic Colonel Ira Davenport, who found honor and fortune in the development of Western New York, he was born in Hornellsville, June 28th, 1841. At an early age he removed, with his father, to Bath, Steuben County, of which he has ever since been a citizen. He was educated at the Haverling Academy, in Bath, and subsequently was a student at the late Dr. Russell's military and collegiate school in New Haven. He was also trained in business affairs by his father, and his share in the management of the estate has been the principal private occupation of his life. Mr. Davenport never occupied any local public office, and his first conspicuous appearance in politics was upon his nomination and election to the State Senate in 1877, when his plurality over the Democratic candidate, George B. Bradley, was 1,701. He was re-elected in 1879 by a plurality of 5,778. He was appointed chairman of the important Committee on Commerce and Navigation, and held that position with ability during his four years in the Senate. His services as a member of the Committee on Canals were likewise conspicuous. In 1881 he was nominated for Comptroller, by the Republican Convention, and was elected by a majority of 14,084. In 1883 he was a candidate for re-election, but was defeated by Mr. Chapin, the present Comptroller. Last November, Mr. Davenport was the Republican candidate for Congress to represent the district composed of Steuben, Yates and Ontario Counties, and was elected by a plurality of 3,610, his local popularity giving him a larger vote than was cast for the Republican Presidential ticket. Mr. Davenport is a trustee of the Grand Army of the Republic Soldiers' Home, and treasurer of the Davenport Female Orphan Asylum, which his father founded and endowed. He is a popular society man, and unmarried. If elected Governor, therefore, he will be the third bachelor in succession to occupy the Executive Mansion.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

ON Thursday of last week, the Democratic forces of the State, with banners flying and bands playing, took possession of the Casino Rink at Saratoga, vacated the day before by the Republi-



VIRGINIA.—THE OYSTER INDUSTRY AT NORFOLK—THE PROCESS OF STEAMING.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.

STEAMING OYSTERS AT NORFOLK.

WE devote, this week, another engraving to the vast oyster industry of Norfolk, Va., various details of which have been from time to time illustrated and described in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. This picture shows the important process of steaming the bivalves for canning. Everything is done on an extensive scale, and with astonishing celerity. The oysters, while yet dripping with the ooze of the bay from which they have been dragged, are dumped into the cars of a little tramway running down to the water's edge. These cars, three at a time, are then run into a long, low apartment of iron, which is really a colossal steam-oven. Iron doors, raised above the track, descend the instant the cars enter, shutting them in tightly while the

scalding vapor quickly does its work. The oysters are thus cooked thousands at a time; and the cars, which have to undergo this operation continually, are no doubt thoroughly well "done." At the other end of the oven, where the cars emerge, an army of negro "shuckers" fall upon the steamed oysters, open them, and pack them away in tin cans with a rapidity which leaves no doubt of their ability to keep up a satisfactory adjustment of supply to demand. The epicurean effect of this summary treatment of the oyster is all that could be desired, as everybody who has recourse to the "tinned" article can testify.

THE CEDARHURST RACES.

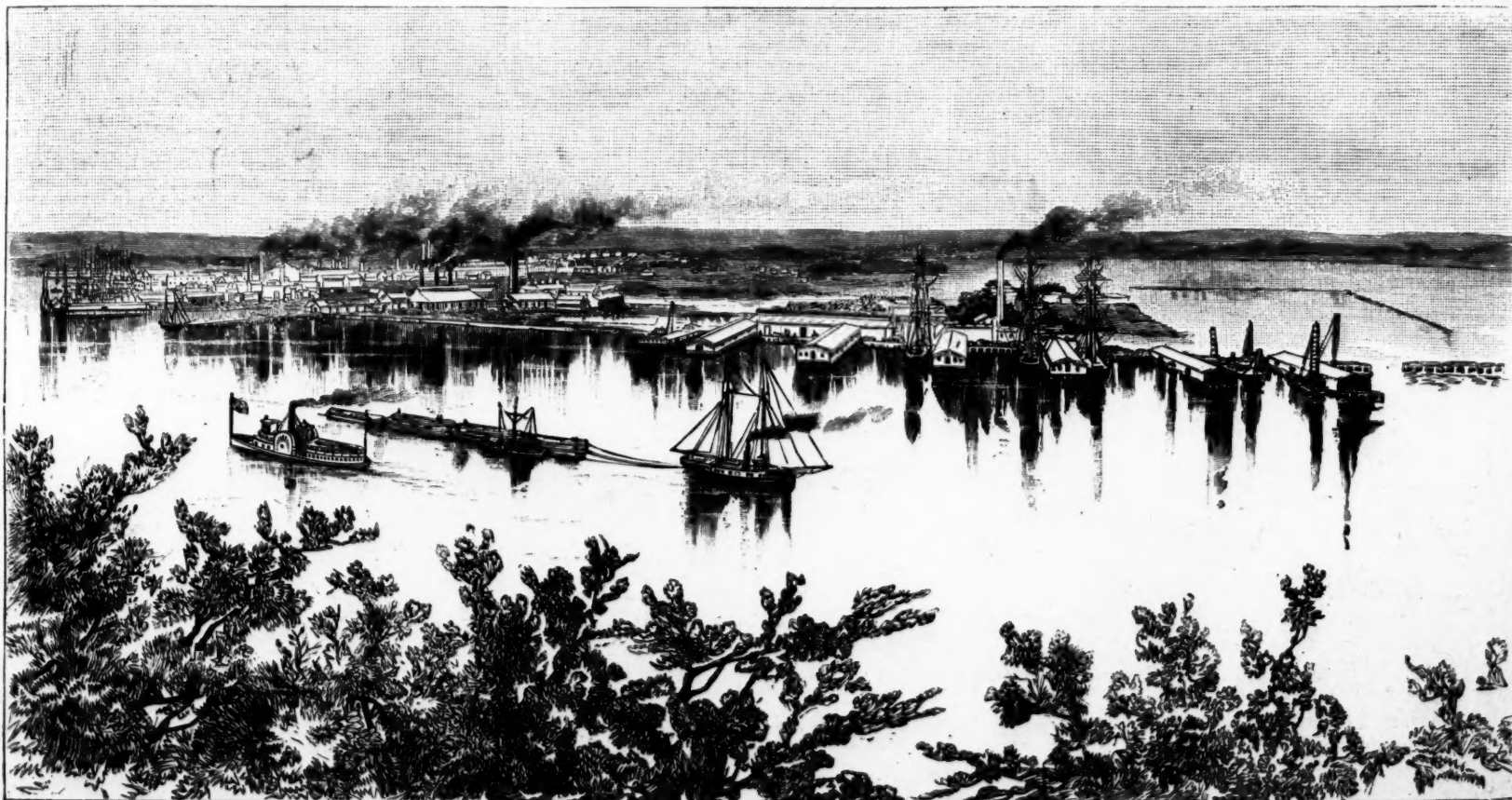
THE Fall races of the Rockaway Steeplechase Association, at Cedarhurst, L. I., on Tuesday

and Thursday of last week, attracted beauty and fashion to that picturesque course. The first day was raw and rainy, though not sufficiently so to interfere with the sport. Thursday was all that could be desired in point of weather, company and amusement. The grand-stand and the clubhouse balconies were filled to overflowing. The betting-ring was a scene of pleasurable excitement and activity. Horses with pedigree and record, and horses with neither, took the hurdles and water-jumps pluckily. There were some surprises, a few blunders, and the usual minor mishaps to keep up the interest. The bright colors worn by the gentleman riders, the groups of carriages and spectators scattered about the grounds, and several dashing turnouts in the coaching line, made graceful pictures upon the greensward as viewed from the club-house. The attendance last week

was unexpectedly large, judging from the insufficient means of railway transportation provided. A little attention to this matter, in the future, will leave nothing to be desired at the Cedarhurst steeplechases. Our page of sketches admirably portrays the details and spirit of the scene.

THE WORKS OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY AT BAYONNE, N. J.

A VERY pretty portion of the Bay of New York is shown in an illustration on this page, being a view of Bayonne, including the refineries of the Standard Oil Company. This is only one of several operated by this well-known Company, but it is the most extensive, both in point of territory occupied and amount and variety of product manu-



NEW JERSEY.—VIEW OF THE WORKS OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY AT BAYONNE.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.



A LITTLE BIT OF LUNCHEON
AT THE CLUB HOUSE
AND A WEE LITTLE TASTE OF
CHAMPAGNE, FOR FORM'S
SAKE, DON'T YOU KNOW

POLO PONIES

A COACHING
PARTY
ENTERING THE
CLUB GROUNDS

A PITCH AT THE TURF BANK

GRAY-PARKER

NEW YORK.—THE ROCKAWAY FALL STEEPLECHASES—A DAY AT CEDARHURST, L. I.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.

factured. The crude material is brought from the oil regions of Pennsylvania through pipe-lines direct to these works, and is not only refined into oil for illuminating purposes, but all grades of lubricating oil are made, also naphtha, benzine, kerosene, or wax; the last principally for candles, and a large amount of it is consumed by our fair damsels under the guise of chewing-gum. In addition to this refinery, the Company has a barrel-factory, the largest in the world. Ships are loaded at their extensive wharves, and carry the products of these works to almost every country on the globe.

FUN.

"Ah, there, my size!" as the painter remarked when he tipped over the gluepot.

Anybody can catch a cold now. The trouble is to let go, like the man who caught the bear. We advise our readers to keep a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup handy.

An exchange informs us that there is a struggle for supremacy in the West between butter and oleomargarine. It is well to remember that the battle is not always to the strong.

HOPELESS AND HELPLESS.

In one of the prettiest houses in the pleasant town of Jamaica, Long Island, dwells Mrs. Mary A. Doughty, a representative lady of one of the oldest families in the place. Mrs. Doughty's case presents some remarkable features in her history of complete invalidism and entire recovery. A well-known literary gentleman from Brooklyn recently visited Mrs. Doughty at her Jamaica home. To him she communicated the story of her illness and her restoration. The following is the substance of her narration:

"Some twenty years ago I was taken with a severe cough, and agonizing, racking pains. The physicians were unable to explain exactly what it was or to give me relief. My pain continued to increase at intervals—sometimes partially leaving me, and again returning with new violence. I was not entirely prostrated until about five years ago, when I became a victim of the most intense nervousness and sleeplessness. I wasted away, and was hopeless and helpless; I could not even turn myself in bed."

"Some two years ago I read about the Compound Oxygen, and the first result was that I sent to Drs. Starkey & Palen for a little book on the subject. The next result was that, after reading the book, I sent for a Home Treatment."

"I was prepared for slow recovery, for I was in such a prostrate condition. I was unable to raise my hand to my head. For months I had been in bed, powerless to touch my feet to the floor. Sometimes I was hardly able to talk. One of the first effects of the Compound Oxygen was that it drove away my sleeplessness. I now began to find what it was to have a good night's rest, and oh, how I did enjoy my sleep! With sleep came increase of strength—very slight at first, but gradually increasing. Then I began to be able to digest my food with some degree of comfort."

"And now, Mrs. Doughty, please tell me what is the present state of your health?"

"With pleasure, sir. You see me to-day just as I am. I am in good spirits and free from pain, except when an occasional stitch in my side or something of that kind takes me unexpectedly. I eat moderately, with fair appetite, and am not restricted in my diet. My dyspepsia is gone. The strength of my lower limbs is not yet such as to enable me to walk out of doors."

"But I go out freely and frequently, sitting in my invalid-chair, on which I greatly enjoy being wheeled from place to place."

"You attribute your recovery, then, very largely to your use of Compound Oxygen, do you, madam?"

"Very largely! Why, sir, but for the Compound Oxygen I should still be in the helpless and emaciated condition I was, or, more probably, in my grave; for I was going down, down, down—gaining nothing, but losing everything—and was nearly gone. 'Very largely'—well, you may say entirely, under the blessing of God. Yes, you may say to all who ask you of the merits of Compound Oxygen, that it raised me from the edge of the grave and opened to me a new life."

If you wish to know all about this Treatment, write to Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, for their Treatise on Compound Oxygen. Sent free.

"How is your son getting along, Charlie?" "Oh, pretty well; only that he is a little puffed up with his own importance. Knows more than his father, you know." "Ah! then the boy is not quite an idiot?"

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Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

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An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper.

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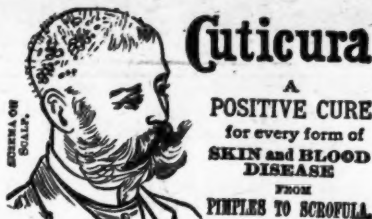
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This elegant Ladies' Jewel Casket, which is illustrated in our small illustration, is made of fine, polished hard wood, beautifully inlaid, and lined inside with precious blue and gold. In its construction the following handsome woods are most artistically joined in mosaic work: Cherry, Black Walnut, Butternut, Poplar and Basswood, and the casket, in its finished state, forms one of the most attractive and useful ornaments for a lady's dressing case or bureau that we have ever seen. We wish to introduce into thousands of new homes our large and attractive 16-page, 64-column Literary and Family-paper, **The Fireside at Home**, which is ever brimful of the most interesting and instructive reading matter and choicest illustrations, we now make the following extraordinary offer: Upon receipt of only **Thirty-Five Cents** we will send **The Fireside at Home** for **Three Months**, and to every subscriber we will also send, **Free** and **post-paid**, the beautiful **Jewel Casket** above described, together with the following **Jewelry** which each Casket will contain: a handsome Imported Pearl Shell Necklace, consisting of a large number of beautiful shells neatly joined together; a pair of Ruby Bangles Bracelets, elegant and durable, and a Nickel-Silver Medallion Breast Pin, very neat and attractive. Remember, the Casket, together with all this jewelry, costs you nothing; it is given free with a 3-months' subscription to our paper. Five subscriptions and five caskets of jewelry will be sent for \$1.50. You cannot afford to miss this chance! We guarantee double value of money sent. As to our reliability, we refer to any publisher in N. Y. Address, **A. H. MOORE & CO., 27 Park Place, New York.**

ally joined in mosaic work: Cherry, Black Walnut, Butternut, Poplar and Basswood, and the casket, in its finished state, forms one of the most attractive and useful ornaments for a lady's dressing case or bureau that we have ever seen. We wish to introduce into thousands of new homes our large and attractive 16-page, 64-column Literary and Family-paper, **The Fireside at Home**, which is ever brimful of the most interesting and instructive reading matter and choicest illustrations, we now make the following extraordinary offer: Upon receipt of only **Thirty-Five Cents** we will send **The Fireside at Home** for **Three Months**, and to every subscriber we will also send, **Free** and **post-paid**, the beautiful **Jewel Casket** above described, together with the following **Jewelry** which each Casket will contain: a handsome Imported Pearl Shell Necklace, consisting of a large number of beautiful shells neatly joined together; a pair of Ruby Bangles Bracelets, elegant and durable, and a Nickel-Silver Medallion Breast Pin, very neat and attractive. Remember, the Casket, together with all this jewelry, costs you nothing; it is given free with a 3-months' subscription to our paper. Five subscriptions and five caskets of jewelry will be sent for \$1.50. You cannot afford to miss this chance! We guarantee double value of money sent. As to our reliability, we refer to any publisher in N. Y. Address, **A. H. MOORE & CO., 27 Park Place, New York.**

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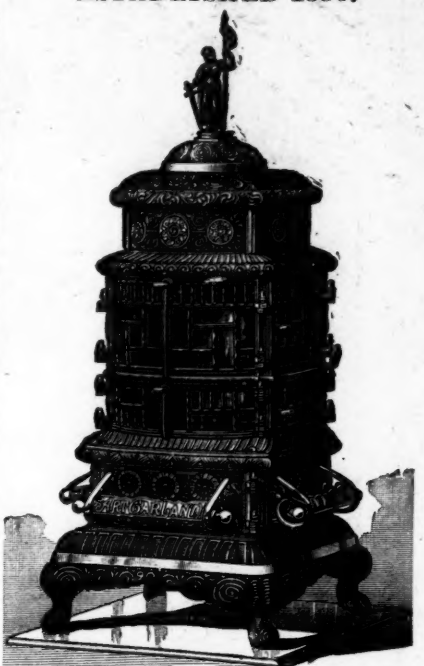
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DESCRIPTION OF SILVER SPRINGS PARK, FLORIDA.

Silver Springs Park is situated in the immediate vicinity of Silver Springs, one of the most beautiful and noted wonders of Florida, and on the railroad owned by the Florida Railway and Navigation Company. The country here is a high, rolling, first-class pine land underlaid with clay. The tract called Silver Springs Park comprises a compact area of land about three miles square. This entire tract is free from swamps, mosquitoes and malaria. No more healthful or comfortable situation can be found in Florida, and no situation in the State offers more solid advantages to the settler.

THINK OF IT! Every man, woman and child can own a splendid large lot in Silver Springs Park, Florida, for only \$5.

Will you let this opportunity go by?

On and after November 1st prices will be doubled.

SILVER SPRINGS PARK.

AREA AND EXTENT.

The Silver Springs Park Florida Land Company have purchased a tract of nearly four thousand acres lying adjacent to the famed Silver Springs. They have had platted and surveyed by Mr. J. J. Treveres, of Jacksonville, Florida, who is one of the best surveyors in the State. He has laid this tract off into lots of 40x100 feet, and five-acre orange groves, with streets and avenues 60 feet wide, many of which have already been cleared and opened as the beginning point of the new town. About seventy-five people have already settled here, and new arrivals are constantly coming in. The net profits on the Bishop and Harris groves last year amounted to \$80,000. They are among the largest and best-paying groves in the State, and Silver Springs Park is situated nearly twenty miles south of them. The point, therefore, to be made is that if the Bishop and Harris groves are far enough south to assure a large annual crop of oranges, then the site of Silver Springs Park leaves nothing to be desired, for it is about twenty miles south of their location.

MECHANICS WANTED.

Mechanics of all kinds—men who are not afraid to work—are wanted to settle at Silver Springs Park, where there are certainly the brightest prospects of plenty of work at good wages. Masons, carpenters, painters, plasterers, blacksmiths—in short, any one skilled in any sort of labor—can come here and do well. We scarcely need add that in a new settlement men of this class are always indispensable, and their services appreciated accordingly.

ORANGE CULTURE.

The culture of oranges is one of the industries of Florida that have only within recent years attained considerable importance. At the close of the war orange-growing, commercially speaking, amounted to nothing. In 1880, since which there has been a large increase, it amounted to over \$1,000,000. There are to-day nearly \$15,000,000 invested in orange groves in the State, with a certainly profitable field for the employment of \$50,000,000 more. Orange groves are to be found in almost every portion of the State, while within the past few years orange culture in Florida has also attained great perfection. Florida oranges are everywhere conceded to be superior to all others, and therefore have justly come to occupy a foremost place in the market. And with the development of this industry the time is coming when Florida can produce enough to supply our home markets, to the entire exclusion of the foreign products.

CHANCES FOR PROFESSIONAL MEN.

Lawyers, doctors, professors, teachers, singers, actors, office-holders, editors, lecturers, authors, etc., cannot do better for themselves than acquire from us a fine orange grove in Florida. The payments may be made gradually, and in six years' time they can throw off their professional harness if they choose, and for the remainder of their days lead a life of exquisite leisure in the fairest land beneath the sun.

THE LAND OF ROSES.

AT SILVER SPRINGS PARK roses may be kept in perpetual bloom. Think of that, people of the North! What a luxury it is to be able to walk out into your garden any day in the year and gather bouquets of fragrant roses for your table!

SILVER SPRINGS PARK is in Marion County, Florida, four miles from Ocala, the county seat. The Florida Railway and Navigation Company's railway runs directly through Silver Springs Park. We have a railroad depot, sawmill, stables, horses and stores already, and a population of about seventy-five people. New arrivals coming in frequently. We confidently believe that inside of one year the population will exceed 500 people. Silver Springs, immediately adjoins our land, about two miles distant, and is accessible by the Florida Railway and Navigation Company's railroad direct from Silver Springs Park.

STOP! Will you not take the pains to call and learn of the remarkable advantages and unparalleled offers we are making the people of the North? Our office is centrally located at 179 Broadway, near the corner of Cortlandt Street, and you can easily come in and see us. It will pay you to do so.

CLIMATE AND HEALTH.—The climate of this section is the most beautiful on the globe, surpassing that of Italy. Cool, balmy, delightful breezes are constantly blowing from the Atlantic, the Gulf, and the pine lands. The thermometer in mid-summer rarely goes above 80 degrees, and in winter ranges between 50 degrees and 70 degrees, with no ice, no frost, and no snow. No sunstrokes ever occur in summer, and at night pleasant and refreshing sleep can always be found. No sickness, so doctors do not get rich. No malignant fevers, as there are no swamps. This immediate region is well adapted for a Summer and Winter resort.

The mild climate makes an expensive house unnecessary: fuel is to be had for the expense only of gathering it, and thus far the necessity has not arisen for expenditures that in the city resident's expense account-book should properly appear as "paid for keeping up appearances."

The lands in this section are the most productive known. All the early vegetables are served, commencing in February, and it is wonderful how the soil responds to practical cultivation. It is of a dark, sandy character, and ten minutes after a rain no water remains on the surface—the soil absorbing all. Three crops can be taken off within the

year. There is produced cotton, corn, rice, oats, sugar-cane, with vegetables of all kinds and of mammoth size, together with peaches, grapes, plums, melons, pomegranates, bananas, figs, oranges, lemons, guavas, Japanese plums, Le Comte pears, olives, and all fruits and flowers belonging to a semi-tropical climate.

FLORIDA, THE LAND OF ORANGES, TROPICAL SCENERY AND SUNSHINE.

Silver Springs Park, Marion County, Fla.

A SAFE AND CERTAIN INVESTMENT.

ONLY THINK OF IT! Every man, woman and child can own a large lot in Silver Springs Park for \$5. Will you let this opportunity go by? We think not. A small investment that will probably be worth \$100 in one year, and more if held two years. Every lot is 40x100 feet. A bona-fide sale and a warranty deed is given with each lot. Buy a lot for yourself, your sweetheart, your wife, your daughters, and your sons. It will pay them and you. Tell your friends, cousins, uncles and aunts all about Silver Springs Park. Get them to join you, so that you can own lots near one another. It is better to own a lot than to put your money into a savings bank. Health, climate and soil unsurpassed. No improvements need be made on lots or orange groves until the purchaser gets ready to make them, and no owner will be assessed for street or other improvements. Owners are not obliged to reside in Silver Springs Park to hold a perfect title.



Every man, woman, boy and girl should invest in one or two lots, and thereby make a profitable investment, and be able to say they own real estate. Every lot has a shade-tree thereon, either magnolia, pine, maple, oak or bay. The lots are all situated on high, dry ground, and one lot is just as good and valuable as another. Lots in Ocala, only four miles distant sell for \$300 to \$500 per lot.

By forming clubs parties in each town can secure lots near one another. The mechanic, clerk, merchant, professional man, minister, and in fact every person, male or female, will find this a rare opportunity to secure a lot at a small price upon which you can build a modest house right away or in later years, as you choose. Land is the basis of wealth, and every lady should own a lot, so that SOME DAY she can have a home of her own. A LARGE PROPORTION OF OUR PURCHASERS ARE LADIES. Hundreds of purchasers already.

There is no chance to lose; but, on the contrary, there is a large opportunity to make big money on a small investment. WE PREDICT THAT IN ONE YEAR'S TIME LOTS CANNOT BE BOUGHT IN SILVER SPRINGS PARK FOR LESS THAN \$400 EACH. In many towns the rise in values has been even more rapid than this. Down on Lake Weir lots are selling to-day for \$500 and \$700 each, and three years ago those same lots sold for only \$50 each! Northern people who have not recently visited Florida have no idea of the throngs of people who are daily seeking homes in the genial climes of that State. Nine-tenths of the men, women and children that you will meet on the railway-cars in Florida are Northern people coming to settle, and no matter how many people you talk with, old and new residents of the State, scarcely a single dissatisfied person can be found—all are happy, healthy and prosperous. Men who have struggled along for years in the North, fighting bad health and bad fortune, have gone to Florida by hundreds and gained their health and made modest homes and saved money besides. One lawyer in Ocala, Fla., who is now worth half a million dollars, was a poor man only twelve years ago, and, in fact, was \$5,000 in debt. He was a first-class lawyer, but could not save any money, and finally decided to throw up the practice of law and buy and sell Florida land. The result has been most pleasing to himself, wife and friends. We are personally acquainted with this gentleman, and will give his name and address to any one wishing to know. We simply relate his experience to show the rapid rate at which Florida lands are doubling, trebling and quadrupling EVERY YEAR. Scores of other men have done, and are doing to-day, equally well. Will you not be one of them?

The company has donated the grounds for schools and churches of all denominations, as they are desirous of affording perfect facilities in this respect.

It is the plan of the company to reinvest the proceeds of all sales of lands from some years in the improvements of avenues and streets, making orange groves, etc.

We will build you a nice cottage from \$300 and up, all complete. Call and see plans, elevations, prices, etc. Sold on the instalment plan.

LADIES! Now is your golden opportunity to secure a large lot—40x100—for only \$5. Then you can have a splendid cottage built for \$200 up to \$1,000, and thereby own a desirable home of your own.

PRICES OF LOTS

IN SILVER SPRINGS PARK, MARION COUNTY, FLORIDA.

CORNER LOTS on Main St., \$30 each.

INSIDE LOTS on Main St., \$15 each.

Main St. is devoted exclusively to business. Merchants and storekeepers of all kinds should buy one or more lots on Main St. Every store that is built enhances the value, and inside of one year these lots will be worth from \$100 to \$300 each.

CORNER LOTS on all other streets and avenues, \$10 each.

INSIDE LOTS on all other streets and avenues, \$5 each.

These prices are EXTREMELY LOW. Buy a lot or two for yourself, your wife and each one of your children. Club together with your relatives and friends, and buy a whole block for \$170. A small investment that will return DOUBLE THE MONEY inside of one year. Climate, health and soil unsurpassed. Why not own your own Winter home in this land of oranges, tropical scenery and sunshine? Don't live another Winter in the cold Northern climate. Homes for all, rich or poor. Nothing equal to a home in sunny Florida for health, pleasure and oranges during the long, cold

apart, seventy trees to the acre, for \$50 per acre; and will fence, pay taxes, and keep the young grove in first-class order for four years, till in bearing, for \$100 per year. It will sum up as follows:

Five acres orange land.....	\$150
Clearing.....	80
Setting out five acres in budded fruit at \$50 per acre.....	250
Cultivating, tending fences, and taxes, four years.....	400
	\$880

Such a grove as the above at the end of four years would be well worth and sell for \$1,000 per acre, or \$5,000, increasing each year after \$1,000 per acre.

Payments can be made as follows: \$300 cash down, and the balance to be paid in three annual payments of \$193.33 on instalments of \$30 per month. These instalments or payments not to commence till twelve months after purchase-deed is made out, and a certified affidavit that the five acres of land are cleared, cultivated and set out to budded orange-trees. Any one can have a deed outright now for five acres by paying \$150 down, and they can use their own time to clear it. This offer of land (five-acre tracts) at \$30 per acre is a bargain, as the value of our lands is rapidly increasing. It is a nice plan for neighbors to club together and own five-acre groves side by side. Get your home now in Florida, and avoid the long, cold Northern Winter.

This is a safe and sure investment for ladies. It is an investment unlike any bank, shares of stock or other securities, because the land can never run away, decrease in value or default. It will increase each year in value, and if five acres be set out in orange trees it will prove a source of income in after years that will make one's declining years secure from all want. An income of from \$1,000 to \$2,000 is surely guaranteed after the fifth or sixth year. You should provide for the last years of life, so that, should any misfortune overtake you, your land here will be something to fall back on that will give you peace and plenty as long as you shall live. Commence now. You will never regret it.

Correspond with us. It will cost us but a trifle. We gladly give any one information. If you are in town call upon us. A handsome illustrated book free.

N. B.—On and after November 1st the price of these five-acre tracts will be advanced to \$200 each. Buy now while low.

Silver Springs Park is right in the heart of the great orange belt. Thousands of orange groves are near us in every direction. These lots are positively on sale for a short time only. Don't wait. An opportunity like this will not occur again. Lots are all situated on the best of orange land—high and dry—no swamps or malaria. Hundreds of lots already sold.

People are constantly coming from the cold, frigid North and settling in Silver Springs Park. Our company reserves certain portions of the lots, but the residue is thrown open to buyers at a nominal price. Every lot sold will enhance the value, and it is no idle boast to say that we shall have several thousand people living in our town inside of two years. It is surrounded by magnificent pine forests, and the odor of the balsam from the pine has wonderful healing in it for consumptives. THE PRICE FOR LOTS AND ORANGE GROVE TRACTS WILL BE DOUBLED NOV. 1st.

The mild climate makes an expensive house unnecessary. Fuel can be had for the trouble only of gathering it. The company has donated the grounds for schools and churches of all denominations. The attention of the entire North has been attracted to Florida as a new country, well fitted for enterprise, energy and push to succeed.

WE ESPECIALLY RECOMMEND THIS INVESTMENT TO LADIES. Own a lot in your own name. It is a good thing to have in the family. The Silver Springs Park Florida Land Company reserves the full and exclusive right to use the streets and avenues now or hereafter to be laid off in Silver Springs Park for the following purposes, viz.: Street railroad rights of way, water-works, water-pipes, gas-works and gas-pipes, street-lamps, electric and other lights, telegraph and telephone lines. Several miles of avenues have already been made, and improvements are constantly going on. A plat of Silver Springs Park, showing the streets, avenues, etc., also prices, will be sent you FREE.

Correspondence solicited. Send remittances by bank-draft, post-office money order, registered letter or express. We will send you a warranty deed by return mail. All deeds are sent from our New York office.

REFERENCES:

WILLIAM H. OAKLEY, President National Citizens' Bank, 401 Broadway, New York.
Hon. J. R. McPHERSON, United States Senator, Washington, D. C.
GILLET & MILES, Bankers and Brokers, 42 Broadway, New York.
BANK OF OCALA, Ocala, Marion County, Fla.
J. J. TREVERES, Civil Engineer, Jacksonville, Fla.
POSTMASTER, Silver Springs, Marion County, Fla.

There are 30 lots in a block. One person or a club can purchase an entire block for \$170. All lots guaranteed high, rolling pine land.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—When you decide to invest in a Florida lot, be sure and remember that Silver Springs Park is LOCATED ON A RAILROAD, with hotel, railroad depot, stores and houses already built. Don't buy a lot in a town where there is no railroad. Select your lot in Silver Springs Park, where is to-day afforded every facility for comfortable living.

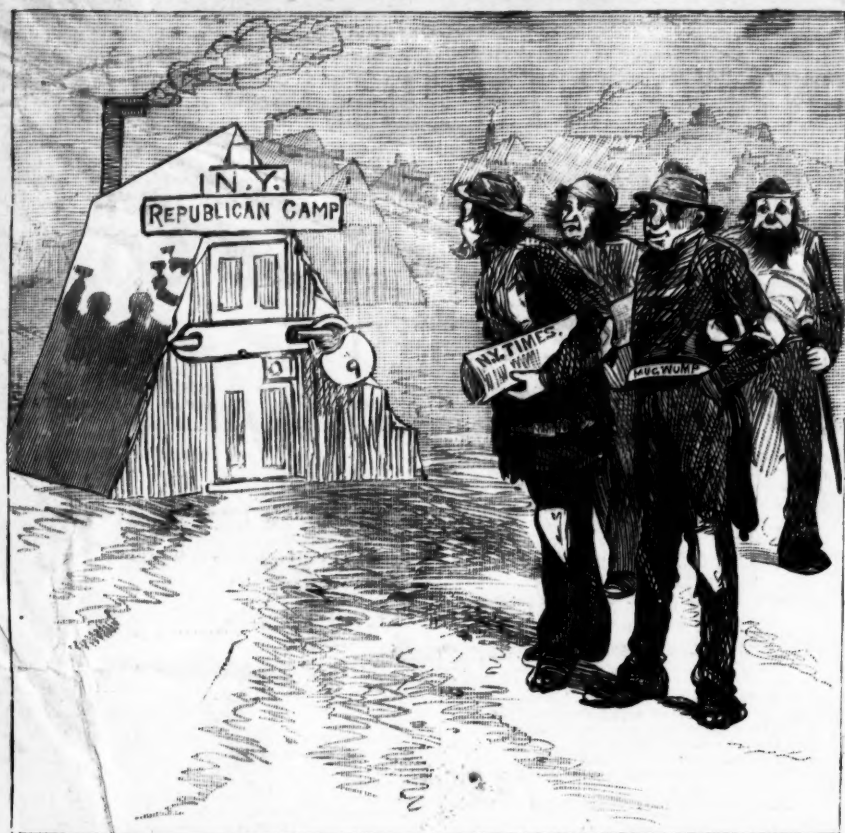
There is a Post-office at Silver Springs, and thousands of people pass through the town during the Winter and Spring months on pleasure excursions up the Ocklawaha River, which finds its source at Silver Springs. Call at our office and learn full particulars.

THE SILVER SPRINGS PARK FLORIDA LAND CO.,

L. N. Mowry, - - - President,
179 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

BRANCH OFFICES: CHICAGO, ILL., and SILVER SPRINGS, FLA.

The plat above illustrates ten lots of five acres each. This embraces a tract of fifty acres of fine orange land, within one mile of the railroad depot at Silver Springs Park. The avenue is sixty feet wide. We will sell one or more of these five-acre tracts for \$150. Will clear it free from all timber for \$16 per acre, or \$80 total for clearing. We will set it out in budded orange-trees, twenty-five feet



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Fock's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING, and perform the work of the Natural Drum. Always in position, but invisible to others and comfortable to wear. All Conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, free. Address, F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Mention this paper.



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BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
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They are the only ones that are sold by first-class dealers the world over. Send 2 cents for circular.
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Milkmaid Brand. Better for babies than uncondensed milk. Physicians recommending condensed milk are advised to name our Swiss Milk, designated on the labels "Prepared in Switzerland." Swiss condensed milk contains less sugar than any other. No other milk can be preserved with so little sugar.

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Is the safest, the most economical, and the most equitable system of life insurance attainable. You pay as you go. Get what you buy, and stop when you choose. Among all the life insurance companies in the United States, this Society shows, for the year 1884,

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 3. The smallest outgo for cost of insurance, \$9.96 per \$1,000 insured.
 4. The lowest average rate of premium, \$11.95 per \$1,000 insured.
 5. The largest percentage of assets to liabilities, \$2.87 to \$100.
 6. The largest percentage of increase in new business, 125.48 per cent.
 7. The largest percentage of increase in surplus, 13.56 per cent.
- WM. E. STEVENS, SHEPPARD HOMANS, Secretary, Pres. and Actuary.**
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Call in person, or send for Prospectus.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. **Dr. J. STARRS, Lebanon, Ohio.**

SOMETHING NEW! Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Curler and Tooth Brush,

Both sent to any part of the World on receipt of \$1.00.

And if not perfectly satisfactory in every case, the money will be promptly returned.
Ladies & Gentlemen who wish to quickly hang, crimp or curl the hair, beard or moustache by a new method, or to possess sound, white teeth and rosy gums, are invited to read the brief but interesting description of these new inventions.
Dr. Scott's Electric Appliances are now sold and well known in every part of the world, and are guaranteed by

50 CENTS EACH, POSTPAID.
GREAT ANNOYANCE

has been caused to all people using tooth brushes by the bristles coming out in the mouth. The Pall Mall Electric Association of London now take pleasure in introducing to the American public a Tooth Brush which they guarantee free from this troublesome defect, common to all other Tooth Brushes. The bristles are inserted in the handle by a patented process, which renders it simply impossible for them to come out in use. In addition to this, the handle of the Brush is made of a newly invented material permanently charged with an electro-magnetic current, which acts without any shock immediately upon the nerves and tissues of the mouth and gums. The act of brushing causes this current to flow into the nerve cells and roots of the teeth, and like water poured upon a plant, it invigorates and vitalizes ever part-arresting decay, building up and restoring the natural whiteness of the enamel, and quickly producing healthy, rosy color to the gums.

THE PALL MALL ELECTRIC ASSOCIATION OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

50 CENTS EACH, POSTPAID.
THE LONDON ASSOCIATION

now offer to the American public their new Electric Hair, Beard and Moustache Curler. It is a handsome article, nickel-plated, with an ebonized handle, and it should occupy a place in the toilet of every lady and gentleman in America. By its aid the hair, beard or moustache can be curled in any desired style in from one to two minutes. For ladies it produces the "Langtry Style," the "Pail Bang," the "Montague Curl," and any other form desired by ladies wearing their hair in the fashionable "loose and fluffy" mode. Those who wear crimps or other forms of false hair will find this Electric Curler a very useful article. It does not break off and ruin the hair like the ordinary crimping process, and in wet or hot weather it works as quickly as in cold. For curling the Moustache or Beard in a moment it has no equal, while it is so simple in its operation that any one can use it properly the first time. Directions accompany each curler.

LONDON, ENGLAND.
Dr. SCOTT, New York.
Your "Crimper and Curler" works charmingly. Its effect causes universal admiration. They are most simple to use. I consider them worth a guinea apiece to those who devote much attention to the ever-changing arrangement of the Hair. **L. LANGTRY.**

CARLTON CLUB, LONDON, W.
Dr. Scott's "Electric Curler" curls the Moustache and Beard most perfectly. My wife uses them in crimping her Hair, with pleasing results. **COL. D. W. G.**

The Royal Dental Society of London testify in the strongest terms as to the quick benefits following the use of Dr. Scott's Electric Tooth Brush, and many experts in dentistry declare it to be the greatest invention in dental appliances since the manufacture of artificial teeth. The handles are strong, beautifully polished, not affected by acids, impervious to moisture, and forever free from that unpleasant, musty odor exuding from wet bone handles. These articles are sold by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers; but if you cannot get them conveniently, remit us the price by Draft, Check, Money, Post Office Order, or Stamp, at our risk, and they will be promptly sent to any address postpaid.

AGENTS! (Either Sex) Wanted for Dr. Scott's Beautiful Electric Combs, Belts, Electric Hair, Flesh and Tooth Brushes and Insoles. No Risk. Quick Sales. Satisfaction guaranteed. Mention this Paper For Terms address **G. A. SCOTT, 842 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.**

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